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THE CHURCH PAPERS IN EGYPT.

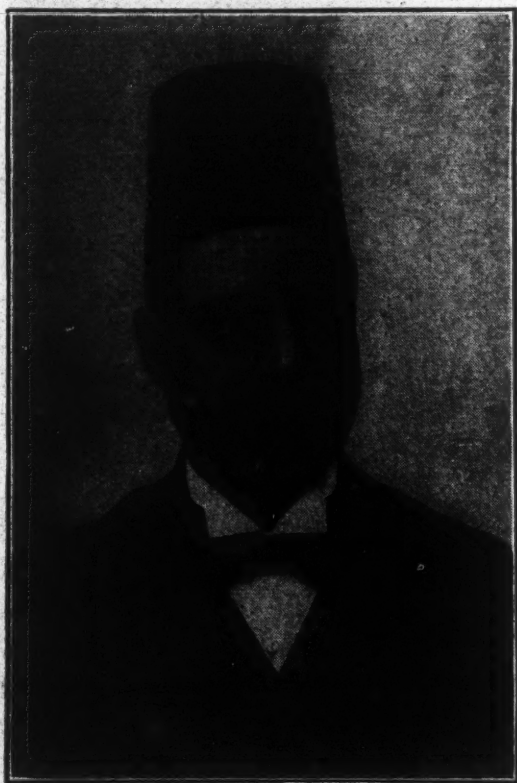
By REV. W. P. GILMORE, ALEXANDIA, EGYPT.

NEWSPAPERS AND magazines printed in the Arabic language for Egyptian circulation have a history that belongs very much to the present. The oldest publication can boast of neither traditions nor antiquity. Religious periodicals in accordance with the customs of all ages made their appearance later than the secular. For many years Egyptian readers were indebted to the Presbyterian Mission at Beirout for religious reading. Their paper "The Neshra" was accorded a liberal support by Egyptian readers who for the greater part were members and adherents of the fast growing Evangelical Church. As this church grew larger there was need of a paper that dealt with conditions and problems that were immediately related to this body. The result was two papers that are as definitely the periodicals of the Egyptian Evangelical Church as are the United Presbyterian and the Youth's Evangelist of the United Presbyterian Church of North America.

The first children's paper to be published by the American Mission in Egypt was "The Negm El Meshrick," this name means "The Star of the East."

It has been published for fifteen years and holds a place somewhat similar to the "Youth's Evangelist." Dr. T. J. Finney of our mission who was General Superintendent of the Sabbath Schools of the Synod of the Nile very keenly felt the need of such a publication and plead its needs. Because an appropriation from the Board of Foreign Missions could not be obtained he appealed to the Board of Publication. A grant was made which partially covered the expense of publication the first year. The balance was made up by subscriptions from others who were interested in the children of Egypt. The second year the Board of Publication refused a grant saying that this work definitely belonged to the Board of Foreign Missions. The Board of Foreign Missions was not yet in a position to make an appropriation. Dr. J. C. Boyd, Secretary of the Board of Publication, was the "friend in need" and placed the proposition for financing the "Negm" before his congregation. For two years it was supported in this way. By this time the mission was so impressed with the importance of such a publication and the

necessity of its being placed on a substantial, permanent, financial basis that an estimate was allowed and has continued till now. As a result this paper with stories and incidents of life interesting to both great and small is going into the homes throughout the length of the Nile Valley, by means of personal subscriptions and distribution through the Sabbath Schools.



REV. SCHNOUDA HANNA.

The Rev. Schnouda Hanna is the oldest minister in the Egyptian Evangelical Church. He is the first graduate of Assiut College which celebrated her Fiftieth Anniversary in May, 1915.

The second paper that is placed in the hands of the Egyptian people through the American Mission is called "El Huda." Under its present name it has existed for five years. It is the successor of the "Murshid" which was founded by Dr. Andrew Watson twenty-three years ago, and edited and published by him for fifteen years. About five years ago an article appeared in the Murshid which quoted from some of

Islam's own books. The quotation was that Mohammed had said that, "All who do not pray according to the prescribed rules pray like apes and donkeys." Some Mohammedan enemies of the paper brought the charge against the editor that he said, "The Mohammedans pray like apes and donkeys." The government investigated and acknowledged that there was in reality no offense but requested that the paper be closed. It was thought to be the part of wisdom to accede to the request of the government without discussing the merits of what was asked. Two months after the closing of the "Murshid" the "Huda" made its appearance. The same editorial staff prepared the material. The same kind of material was given to those who had been the readers of the "Murshid." The purpose of the former publication was accomplished, those who had taken offense were satisfied, the government's friendship was retained, the only difference was that the paper had a new name.

The choosing of a name for the "Huda" presented a difficulty. "Murshid" means "The Leader." This name was one that was cherished and the management of the new paper was at a loss to choose a name so appropriate and that would have a significance attractive to Mohammedans and at the same time not arouse further antagonism from them. The word "El Huda" is a word that occurs very frequently in the Koran and is regarded as a peculiarly important Mohammedan word. It is used in the Koran and Traditions in reference to the Koran itself, Mohammed, and at the same time to the gospels and Christ, and it means "The Guide." In fact the gospels are called "Guide" over one hundred times in the Koran. Some thought that this word should not

be chosen as the name of the paper because it was a Mohammedan word. Others insisted that the Mohammedans should not have a monopoly on the word as it is used in the Arabic Bible in reference to the Bible and Christ. This name was chosen and the paper opened without any government restrictions and has to date enjoyed an unruffled existence.

The "Huda" is similar to the United Presbyterian in its material and form. It goes into the homes of the pastors, members of the Evangelical Church, many orthodox Coptic homes, and also into the hands of Mohammedans. Its influence is not confined to its immediate subscribers, but is passed to others, and sometimes one who has had the advantages of an education reads it to a group of his less fortunate brothers.

These papers appear weekly. The subscription price of "Negum El Meshrick" is fifty cents a year. The price of "El Huda" is one dollar a year. The subscriptions do not pay the expenses and as they contain no advertising an appropriation has to be made to complete the cost.

During the last two years solicitors have been sent out to make special efforts to increase the subscription list. This work has been made easier by enlarging the "Huda" to double its former size and adding an attractive cover. This work of soliciting subscriptions has fallen to some of the younger missionaries. As one of them I can say that the experience was most enjoyable.

It may not be very much of a job to solicit subscriptions when you can handle the language of your prospective subscriber, but when you are limited to a rather meager vocabulary it puts a new face on the matter. Naturally the first person sought when entering upon this

work was the pastor or some leading citizen. Practically all of the pastors have a good knowledge of the English language and fortunately for me the



ABOUNA MEKHIEL.

Abouna Mekhiel was a Coptic Monk from a monastery of Upper Egypt. He was the first member of the Egyptian Evangelical Church in Egypt, the first Theological student, and the first Egyptian pastor. He died in 1884. The word "Abouna" means "Father." For some reason, probably because he had been a Coptic Monk, the name "Abouna" always clung to our first Egyptian minister. The title "Abouna" is very often given to our older missionaries.

first places visited were ministered to by pastors whose work required that they use their knowledge of English for more than study purposes. The pastors enjoy a commanding position among their people and when I found an enthusiastic pastor the hardest work I had, was to write receipts and make change. When a place did not afford a pastor and I was dependent upon my own persuasive speech the situation was

altered. The Arabic language suffered from hitherto unknown constructions, and sayings dark and difficult of interpretation were uttered. In spite of all short comings the response was such as to make my heart glad and lengthen the subscription list.

If I were to single out a hardship of the experience I believe I would lay the gravest charge to Egyptian hospitality. Not to lack of it but to the quantity. If it could be avoided I did not sit down. If I did that meant I was in for more or less extended conversation. Time and conversation are not an item to be considered, it is the fact that every Egyptian wants to serve you with coffee, tea or something to eat that presents a situation to be dealt with. With some there is no refusal and if one indulges to the extent that his hosts insist upon he will have to take time off to get over it after he comes home. Egyptian food and cooking are very much to my palate, and as when I am on such work I am an honor guest, I live high. The only hardship is getting over it when I come home.

The tickling of the palate is not the measure of the value of such an experience. To the young missionary there is given a knowledge of the field, the work that is being done, the receptions that such work enjoys, the great amount that remains to be done, and an intimate knowledge of the great band of noble Egyptian characters that are associated with him in this work, that would not be obtained otherwise in years. He is stimulated in his work of preparation, he longs to have a more active part in the great work. As he drops in upon a pastor who on some week day morning has a meeting for women with sixty or seventy present drinking in his simple message, or if he

drops in, in the evening and finds a congregation of a hundred or more gathered for mid-week service he gets a vision that is intensified more than hearing or reading of it can do. When he meets with this condition from Luxor to Alexandria more than passing impression is made. But when he goes into a little village which is but one of three which is under the care of a stated supply for three months and finds interest in the advancement of the Kingdom a vital part of the lives of men, he gets encouragement and enthusiasm that does not come with a mere studying of the language.

It was in such a village as mentioned above that I met with one who had once been known as a drunkard and notorious character of the district. Today he is known as one who will leave his business and personal interests to help anything that deals with advancing religion in his community. He has been responsible for nearly all the pupils in Assiut College that come from his district. He and his brother have made such an impression on a Mohammedan that while he does not come out and formally become a Christian, he advocates it among others, and readily listens to Christian teaching. This man also has taken care of a little blind Mohammedan girl and it is his hope that she will become a Bible woman and teach her own people when she is grown. This is only one of many that are like him and he impressed me not only because he impressed a kiss on my cheek when we parted but because of his sterling character and sincerity. The request he made in parting I pass on to you and with it I include those of his kind. He requested, "Pray for me and for the saving of souls in my village and district."

IN THE HOUSE OF DEATH—A SKETCH.

BY RENA L. HOGG, ASSIUT, EGYPT.

EVIDENTLY the blow had fallen. The sight of a crowd and the sound of carpentry were the death intimations that greeted me as I reached a point in the road from which I could gain my first view of the house of the young man for whom I had intended to enquire. He had been a mere shadow at my last visit, one lung gone and the other seriously affected. Now the long-dreaded end had come and underneath his windows rough wooden boards and the strokes of a hammer proclaimed that preparations were in progress for his last rest, while in a large upper room above he was lying a silent and motionless figure in a world of confusion and noise.

My heart shrank from the ordeal awaiting me. I had seldom visited an Egyptian mourning alone, and never yet in the hours preceding the funeral when, with rare exceptions, grief is allowed the rein and may plunge uncurbed into an abandon of demonstration. The house was in a quarter of the town whose doors had proved reluctant to open to any evangel of light, or messenger of progress, and the family were rigid Copts of the most conservative type, holding fast to the customs of their ancestors.

The men in the street were seated in decorous silence. Silent, too, were the men who crowded the outer court and reception room, silent as Job's comforters in the first days of their friend's extremity. But through this zone of quiet I, being a woman, had to pass to the interior of the house where finding the women's court deserted I stood hesitating till a black servant came to my assistance and directed me to a dark

entrance leading to a darker stair case. On reaching this the confused wailings that had filled the air began to lose their remoteness rendering needless all further guidance. But it was with reluctant foot-steps that I followed that beckoning horror of sound.

The grip of the horror is with me still as I look back to that day of initiation though many of its details have faded out of memory with the long lapse of years.

The stair opened on an empty apartment without windows or furnishings of any sort but the dim light was ample to reveal the occupation of the few women still lingering in these outer precincts. They were preparing for the orgy of grief within by daubing their faces and dying their hands and arms with liquid indigo, a large vessel of which stood in a corner ready for all comers. Mud they had already secured. It plastered the front of their dark gowns and on their head-coverings it lay in a damp patch like an ugly crown.

To me they looked ghoulish, devilish, and my feeling was the more acute because of my certainty that it was neither sorrow nor sympathy that had brought these strangers of the street into this house of death. It was that uncanny and unwholesome attraction of things gruesome and unlovely which wakens so weird a response in human nature, and in the proudest centre of civilization will draw a crowd around a morgue or the scene of a murder as surely as a dead camel in the desert will gather vultures from an empty sky.

But it was in no centre of civilization that I now found myself but in surroundings unfamiliar and terrible to me,

and I shivered and once more hesitated till urged on by an officious helper who misunderstanding my delay called loudly to the women in the next room to make way for me to pass. To cut short her unwelcome aid I forced myself forward. How needless had been the fear that her harsh voice would be disturbing or that undue attention would be called to my entrance. In that riot of mourning any might enter unobserved and the loudest shouts would have to be persistent indeed to secure more than the most fragmentary attention.

I might have remained in an outer chamber which though full as one usually accounts fulness was somewhat removed from the vortex of the whirlpool, but there was a strong motive impelling me forward. Was not Ferida in the centre of that turmoil, suffering and solitary, and how could I remain outside?

Ferida was a daughter of the house and a dear and affectionate friend, having been until her marriage two years before my most devoted pupil. I pictured to myself her feelings in the midst of this wild Babel, her favorite brother dead, her mother, her sisters, her aunts, all given over to customs that must seem to her almost as barbaric as they seemed to me. I thought of our many talks upon things sacred and the high ideals to which her heart had seemed to respond. How wide in this time of heartache must yawn the gulf between her and her nearest and dearest! How much she must be needing the support and sympathy of one who could share her outlook and understand the depth of a sorrow that refused to proclaim itself aloud with the frantic demonstration in which the common herd delighted!

Urged by such thoughts as these I

picked my way through the crowd and entered the central apartment. It was dim with incense and the smoke of large candles that burned with a sickly flare in the sunlight. On the floor in the centre lay the corpse completely hidden from view by a surging mass of women whose crowding and jostling said plainly that here was the centre of interest. In all that human whirlpool each unit was on her feet striving apparently to get as near to the centre as possible, save a few who growing weary had retired to the background and were squatting round the walls detached and callous, and a few who by right of relationship or strength of arm had reached the goal and were seated on the floor around the body. These were rocking back and forth or swaying from side to side with a mournful rhythmic motion, each holding in her outstretched hands a black silk kerchief by the dexterous movements of which she with an untaught art could make woe visible by every gesture of tragedy.

All the while the air was filled with the songs of death, weird cadences with wailing recitative and answering chorus, songs born of the devil our Egyptian friends assure us, the words of the solos extemporised by his servants, the hired mourners, and the themes chosen with satanic ingenuity to fit the peculiar circumstances of the deceased and the bereaved, lashing grief into fury and lacerating afresh the torn heart.

This was the undertone of sound like the moaning of the sea, but interrupting it, rising above it, overwhelming it, were other noises. One voice suddenly raised to a piercing shriek, the mourner's arms thrown up as in mortal agony; a second uttering frenzied calls to the dead friend; a woman slapping her own face, stroke after stroke with

all the power in her arms; then loud expostulations, a vehement struggle, and the beating ended, the woman sinks exhausted, soon to resume the dirge and continue it till some new impulse arouses her to fresh exhibitions of despair. Now and again a few would start a mourning dance, the others falling back to make space for the circle of dancers. There was something fiendish in their appearance—the bedaubed faces, the darkened hands, the streaked arms, the maniacal movements. I could think of nothing but the witches in Macbeth gloating over evil. The whole air seemed fetid and intoxicating with an infectious hysterical lust of woe.

But where in this motley concourse was Ferida? I had been recalled to myself by the comments of some around me and had awakened to a consciousness that my underlip was almost bleeding, that I had been burying my finger-nails in the palms of my hands, and that horror and repulsion were written large upon my face. To escape observation I slipped into a remote corner and there I enquired for my friend. "She is not here," they told me, "she would be coming soon, she was 'dressing.'"

Almost as they answered me a fresh commotion near the door attracted my notice. There were shoutings to make room for someone to pass, someone who must be allowed a place near the corpse. The appearance of the newcomer riveted my attention but it was not till the women around me said, "There she is. You wanted her. There is Ferida," that recognition dawned on me.

Could it be that this unsightly object was Ferida? She was dressing, they had said. Was it this that had been meant?

She wore a brocaded satin of pearly grey over which hung a tunic of black net. Tomorrow she would be in simple

black, but today they had robed her in some gaudy relic of her trousseau. The long white lace at her elbows seemed to bring into gruesome contrast the smeared arms and indigo hands that she threw out wildly before her as they pushed her roughly forward. A black kerchief alone confined her busky hair, which worn usually in tight braids now revenged itself for past imprisonment by spreading out in a bristling mop around her shoulders. But all this I lost sight of in looking at her face. Swollen with crying, hideous in its disguise of indigo, it seemed bereft of every trace of intelligence. Her loud calls to her dead brother affected me only as the ravings of a deranged mind. I felt as though someone had struck me a sickening blow.

It seemed at that moment as though mission work were vain. I was ready to say with Peter that "it had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness" and to repeat bitterly his "true proverb" about "a sow that is washed, and her wallowing in the mire."

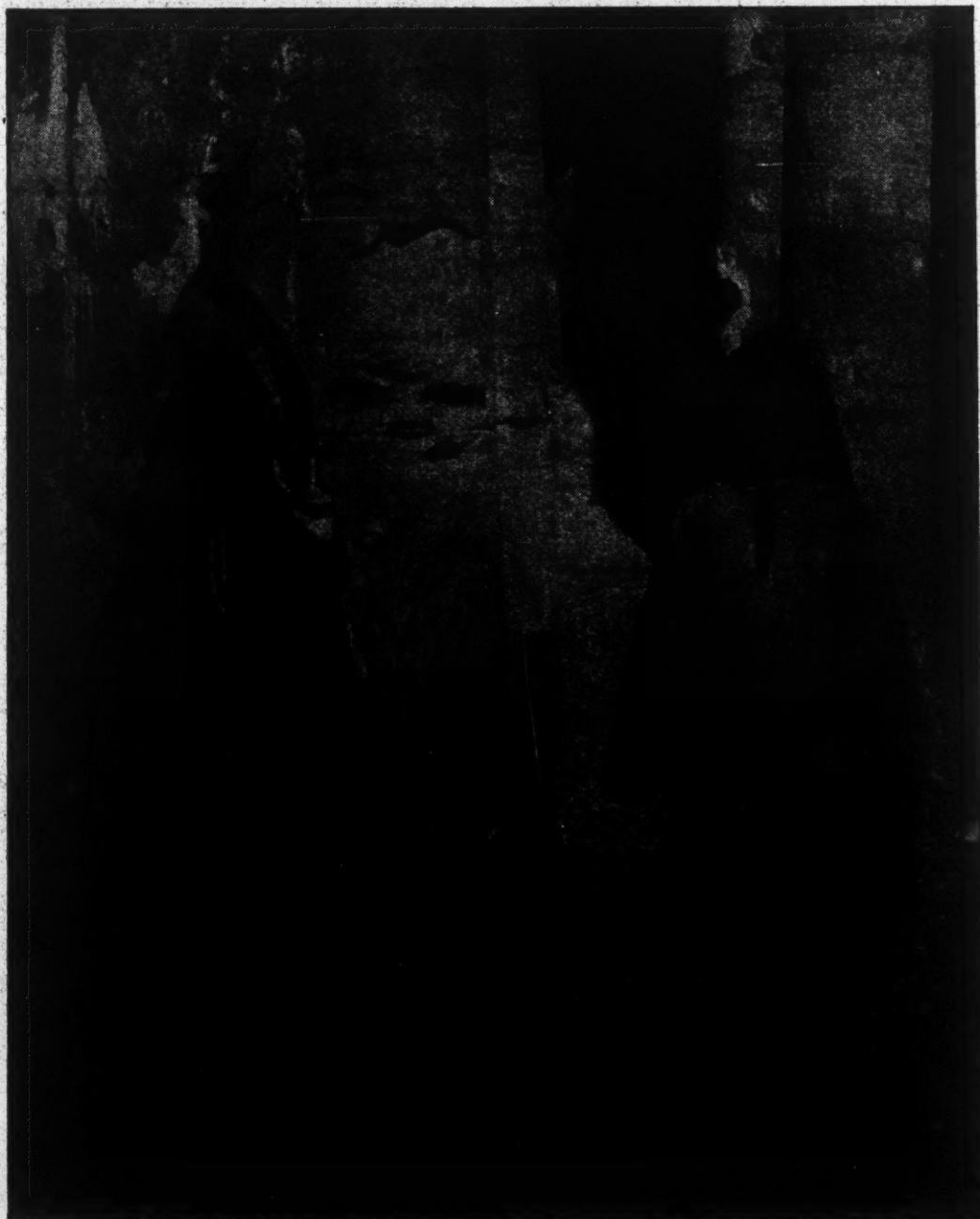
Doubtless to every worker there comes sooner or later some such ordeal as this, when the work of years seems swept away in a moment of time, because from an over-estimate of success the pendulum swings to an over-estimate of failure, and from an under-estimate of the opposing forces one is driven to an under-estimate of the power of the Spirit and imagines that the labors of the past have been in vain because the wind has blown the petals from the blossoms and the time for ripening fruit is not yet.

Suddenly my nerves got the better of me and I found myself sobbing convulsively and experiencing a strange relief in thus yielding to the hysterical influences around me. But this unwonted

indulgence was short lived. I became conscious of the remarks of onlookers. "See, she cries just like us. She is crying for the brother that she lost." An unreasoning indignation dried my eyes. If the first blow had broken my calm here was a second to restore it. Did they think I cried *like them*, that I would desecrate my brother's memory by

sharing on his behalf in their savage festival of despair? A sense of utter isolation swept over me born of the consciousness of being totally misunderstood.

And then something happened. Not after the tempest but right in its midst and in spite of all its whirling currents of sound a still small voice became



"Sorrowful women's faces, hungry, yearning,
Wild with despair or dark with sin and dread,
Worn with long weeping for the unreturning,
Hopeless, uncomforted.
'Give us,' they cry, 'your cup of consolation.'"

audible—not in words but in a groan. There came a memory of Bethany and of a procession of mourners, Eastern mourners, with One in their midst Who wept though He knew that His Father had heard Him and would turn their grief into joy. Why had He wept and what thoughts and feelings had found utterance in the groan that was forced from Him by the comments of the bystanders?

The incident lived anew as with my little plummet I tried to sound the sources of His grief only to find it beyond my power to gauge. I failed, but I made dim guesses and I was no more alone. It was not only that One, more solitary far, had drawn near to me and that my little pain had become consecrated by the reminder that in a dim and distant way it was the fellowship of His sufferings Who had appointed to me my task. It was *that*, but it was more. It was that in looking at One pure and undefiled and separate from sinners I had come to realize my level.

What after all separated me from this "herd" around? Not holiness, nothing so great and deep and far-reaching. No, for in these hearts about me was there more of rebellion than had often harboured in my own? Had I never done anything for show? Was my sympathy always adequate and deep? Was I free from all idle curiosity about the affairs of my neighbors?

And as for license in grief, was it as repulsive in the sight of Him Who groaned as spiritual pride or pride of race?

I had indeed nothing that I had not received. My legacy from my fathers had been other than the legacy of these mourners—that was all. Our differences had loomed large only because my eyes had been occupied with things seen, but I knew myself one of them for I shared their sin and deep in their hearts and mine were the great unifiers, love and sorrow and need.

Strange to say my memory closes here. Was I present when at the noise of a coffin being brought up the narrow stair, the noise within grew more hideous still, and after a fight between the men in charge and the resisting women the silent form was laid in its narrow bed and hidden from view under piles of clothing and every reminder of his past? Did I then see the lid hammered into place, the clinging mother dragged forcibly aside, and the coffin shouldered and without a prayer borne out amid a riot of cries and screams? Or, can it be that finding myself powerless to help I broke through all rules of order and left before these final scenes?

I cannot tell for all else is now a blank or merged confusedly in other scenes of later date. One thing I know that having learned my lesson my soul was purged for the time of criticism and contempt, and that with Ferida's image still burning in my brain I could yet go home hoping all things, believing all things, and ready again to labor and endure till the time of the harvest should come. Thus for me, with pictures of Bethany upon the screen, memory dropped her curtain.

SAINTS IN ISLAM.

BY REV. J. H. BOYD, TANTA, EGYPT.

“THE Mohammedan notion of the saint as a person possessed by God allows a very wide application of the term; in popular usage it extends from the greatest Sufi (Mystic) theosophist, like Jalaluddin Rumi and Ibn el Arab, down to those who have gained sanctity only by losing sanity—victims of epilepsy and hysteria, half-witted idiots and harmless lunatics.”

What maybe in other countries I can not say, but Egypt's saints seem to be of the latter extreme for the most part. As a calling it has great temptations to the weak-minded and opens a wide door to deceivers in that it offers an easy living and great popularity. A life of this sort makes a strong appeal to the people.

Mohammedan saints, and they are not alone in this, rarely come into their fullest recognition during life, but when their tombs become shrines and the stories of their wonderful lives grow with the telling, and the miracles performed through their intercession multiply, they gain in the popular estimation as the years go by. There is scarcely a village in Egypt that does not have its patron saint. Many of these never receive recognition outside of their own little towns while others, with nothing more to commend them, are honored throughout the Mohammedan world.

The superstitious mind of the Moslem has regard for the mentally deficient because he has been taught to believe that God has kept the mind of such with Himself, a comforting thought, indeed, to parents of such. Here is an incident out of a street car experience of the writer. A woman got into the car with an idiot son of perhaps fourteen years.

He was filthy to the extreme, never having been bathed, but everyone, all being Moslems, except myself, showed him the greatest respect and were delighted with the good fortune that brought this holy one into their car. He seemed absolutely indifferent to their delight but sat quite pre-occupied. They said, “See, his mind is with God.” “Is it not a blessed life,” etc. The proud mother said, “I have sometimes thought to bathe him and dress him properly, but have always feared to do so.” To this there was a chorus of protests. “No, no. It would never do; they always like to be this way. You might distract him,” they said. Out of personal experience this story could be duplicated many times. As the object of this devotion grows older he is allowed to go about freely, sometimes straying far from his home. Practically every Moslem home is open to him, some seeking his blessing, some, doubtless, through fear to offend. He asks for what he wants and eats only what pleases him and in the home even the husband yields his place should the holy man so desire, for his desires are not sin.

Near here is one who goes about, winter and summer, stark naked. His hands, his friends say, are cold in summer and warm in winter. Few would have the temerity to deny him his every request. Lately I asked about him, hoping to get his picture, but they said, “It took him to go on a journey and no one could tell when he would return.” I had a friend offer a man a “backshish” if he would produce him but money was of no avail. They believe that he sometimes goes to Mecca and returns the same day for he brings some message

from the holy city which is abundant proof.

The leading man of this village while speaking of the supernatural doings of this one, perhaps because he detected doubt in my mind, told the following story as convincing: "One of our wealthy friends, one with the title of *Bey* and a large land owner, made the pilgrimage to Mecca and was praying in one of the holy places there when he became conscious of a familiar figure beside him, turning he was surprised to find him a holy man from his own town. 'Why when did you come?' 'Just now,' was the reply. 'Indeed.' (It is a journey of several days). 'Yes, I have just come.' 'Well, wait for I wish to send a note to my overseer.' When prayers were finished he wrote the note in which he instructed the overseer to give the bearer 10 bushels of wheat, 10 of corn and a sheep. That same evening the note was delivered. When the overseer read it he promptly gave the grain and sheep and the people gave unstinted praise and honor." He could not understand why I was not convinced.

Some of these give themselves to terrible outbreaks of anger on occasions, or indeed without occasion. There used to be one of this type in the Fayum, clothed in a few rags, hair and beard matted and dirty, he frothed at the mouth and uttered frightful sounds and snarls when angry. He struck terror to more than the children.

Still another type is seen in one who has been on our streets lately. Naked except for two heavy rings crossing over his shoulders and under his arms, to which were attached chains to the wrists and ankles, he thus publicly announced his renunciation of the world. He ate only what people were pleased to give him or sometimes, filth, which the peo-

ple think miraculously changes into proper food under his touch.

But what of the place of these in the Islamic religion? Theoretically they are not worshipped, yet every Moslem pays superstitious reverence and honor to them. Over the graves of the most celebrated are erected large and beautiful mosques; over those of less reputation a square room with a cupola. It is the common belief that paying honor to these or distributing gifts to the poor in their names is very meritorious. The generality of Moslems regard their saints as intercessors with the Deity and make them votive offerings. Their prayers take some such form as this, "O God, I pray Thee, by the Prophet, and by him to whom this place is dedicated, to grant such and such a blessing."

The great mosque in the center of this city of Tanta stands over the tomb of Esseyyed Ahmed el Bedawai. Certainly the Prophet himself receives no greater honor than this saint. On the occasion of his birthday, and he has two annually, more pilgrims gather in Tanta for its celebration than go to Mecca itself (said to be not less than 500,000). Prayers are offered, zikrs are kept going all the time, a constant stream of every class, of rich and poor, lame, sick, childless, flows by the sacred tomb, rubbing their hands on the iron bars around the tomb and then on their faces or on their children seeking the Seyyed's blessing.

Vows are paid, which sounds innocent enough. For the men it means making a night in honor of the saint when refreshments are supplied and prayers said and the Koran read in his honor, as if he did it all. Or it may be paying someone to pass water to the thirsty crowd or sacrificing a sheep, etc. But for the woman—her vow is that she will

give herself to honor the Seyyed during the whole week of the feast or a certain part of it. One of our own missionaries tells that from his window he used to look out on what was then open land (now being built up, our home stands on the place and the lot for the new Girls' Boarding School takes in another part) covered with small tents during the Mulid week, in every one of which was a woman, a married woman, who, perhaps because of childlessness or sickness in her family had made "a vow to God for the love of the saint" and was now here to pay her vow. The price of her shame gained through night and day of the fair week, in the shadow of this great mosque, and often inside of it, was gladly given into the coffers of the mosque that the Seyyed might have to distribute to the poor. Thousands of

dollars were gathered in this way.

After this week these women returned to their homes but could they ever be the same? This feature of the Mulid was suppressed by the government a few years ago, but that vows are still made and still paid in the same way, though less publicly, there can be no doubt.

I have told you only a little of this feature of the belief of the people amongst whom we live. There is no pleasure in the telling of it but there is a two-fold purpose. First that you, reader, in the land of America, redeemed by Jesus Christ, may know how great is His salvation and; second, that you may not stop until you have done all you can for the women who still think that they serve God when they lay aside every vestage of womanly virtue.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE DELTA CAR.

BY REV. W. R. COVENTRY, TANTA, EGYPT.

IT WAS back in the month of October in the year 1911 that two of our missionaries started out for an evening's walk after a day's work on the Allegheny. Their path led them along the freight yards of the Delta Light Railways. One said to the other, "Why can't we have a car on the Delta Light Railway and go out to the numerous towns of the Delta and side track the car in the freight yards and live there and visit the people and hold meetings and in this way reach the scores of towns that are not being reached?" They agreed that it would be a good plan, but there were difficulties in the way. Would the Railway Company grant the privilege, if they should could we build the car and if we could build

it where would the money come from and if we could overcome all this where would we find the workers to put on it? These were real difficulties, not imaginary ones, and in the development of the scheme we met them all, but they were overcome as fast as they appeared.

We met a friend in the offices of the Railway Company, one perhaps who had never known anything of the American Mission. Through his help the permission of the Railroad Company was secured, then a new difficulty appeared, the Government must be seen and its permission secured and this was soon granted. While these negotiations were going on a friend of Mission work in Egypt heard of the scheme and offered a sum of money that was almost suf-

ficient to pay for the construction of the car and the Board of Foreign Missions agreed to provide the remainder. To secure plans and specifications was no easy task, but that too was secured and all was ready for the contractors. The first bid was nearly three times what we had hoped to pay for the car and two and a half times the amount of money we had. Other bids were secured, but it seemed that the scheme was doomed to failure now. But thanks to Mr. Leon W. Cole, of the Anglo-American Nile Steamer Company, this difficulty was

a bath and a kitchen. One bed folds up against the wall and by day the bedroom becomes a study. The dining room, becomes a reception room between meals and at night the two Morris chairs become a bed and the dining room becomes a bedroom. The kitchen which is only six feet by four and a half, and is fitted with a coal stove, cupboards, sink, water-tank, pump, filter and brake wheel, becomes the cook's bedroom at night.

At the time of writing this article the car has been in operation about fifty-five days. During that time nineteen



THE DELTA CAR. OUR "FRONT YARD" AT CHINE.

overcome. Though this was not along their line of work, he very kindly agreed to construct the car for us and did so at a very great deal of trouble as it was not in their line of work. However, he gave us a car that any one might be proud to have been the builder of.

You must not picture a car such as you may have seen on some of our American Railways. The track is only two feet, six inches wide and the car must necessarily be narrow, short and low. It is about thirty feet long and six feet, three inches wide inside. It is fitted with two bedrooms, a dining room,

towns, ranging in population from five thousand to forty thousand, have been visited. Of these nineteen towns, seven have some kind of mission work in them, the other twelve have no work in them and some had never been visited by a missionary.

When we arrive at a town the car is switched off in the freight yards and the mission home is established in a new town. To be sure the railroad company may find it necessary to move your house occasionally to get at a car of cotton or of straw that is in front or a locomotive may stop opposite the car on the

next track and this does not tend to decrease the temperature inside the car, but even with these inconveniences we are much better housed than we could possibly be in these towns did we not have the car.

It is wonderful how far-reaching the work of the Mission has become. As we go out among the towns, many of them far from any mission work, we often find some one who has come in touch with our mission.

At Chine we have never had mission work and it is doubtful if there had ever been a missionary in the town; we knew no one in the place, but soon we made the acquaintance of the Postmaster whose wife had taken lessons from our Bible woman at Mansoura and in this way a door was opened. We are obliged to notify the officials of the town when we arrive and in the house of the Chief man of the town we met the manager of the estate of the French Consul at Tanta and he sent his carriage and took us to the farm where we met the Consul. A Moslem who had brought his wife to the Tanta Hospital some years before came and made himself known and it was not long until we had made friends. Three boys, one a Moslem, came and asked us to spend the Sabbath and have a meeting. One said, "I am a Copt, but I have been educated in a Moslem school and I know the Moslem religion, but I do not know my own religion." We agreed to spend the Sabbath and they arranged a place for the meeting and when we went up to the town in the morning we found forty-five present; twenty-two of these were Moslems. We had a service and these went out and twenty more came in and we had another service and then they invited us back in the afternoon and we found twenty present and after the afternoon service

we were invited to another house and we found a dozen there. The next morning we found twelve men in a wood shed and spent a half hour with them.

At Sakkha we knew two boys, one had been in our school in another town. They asked us to call and we did so and this was the opportunity for three Bible lessons in as many homes and at one house there were twelve present. On the way back to the car a young man came running and asked us to visit his home; his father had seen us pass and wanted us to call. We returned and found the family are Catholics. While we were here a Moslem Inspector on the Railroad came and asked us to call at his house and thus the doors were opened and all because one boy had been in our school for a short time.

At Sanbat, where we have a school, it was easier to get started. We had friends, the teachers, and they knew the town and the people and we had a place for a meeting, so that we were able to begin our house to house visiting at once. The first evening we had one hundred out at the meeting and the numbers increased until we had one hundred and ninety-four the last evening.

The visiting in the homes is one of the most important parts of the work. We get nearer to the people and we can get closer to the people. In the homes they can tell us their troubles, and it does one a lot of good just to have some one to listen to your tale of woe. One home we visited a woman whose husband had turned Moslem and left her when her only son was a baby had trained her boy and educated him until he had passed the Government examination and was ready to work and keep his mother, and then he too turned Moslem and left her. Poor woman, but she had trained her

boy in the things of the world and had neglected the more important things and so she must suffer.

At Birket-El-Sab in one house-visit there were fourteen present to hear the Scriptures. At another house the lady of the house and her brother went out and in ten minutes had gathered thirty-six women and children. There have been over one hundred and sixty house-visits made from the car and there have been over four hundred and seventy-five persons who have heard the Scriptures.

A little Moslem girl was the guide that lead the lady missionary from house to house in her daily round of duties and in another town a Moslem woman lead the way to the homes. May these two, who have been the guides that have brought the Gospel to others, themselves be brought to the Light.

In places where we have no mission work we have been fortunate in securing places for meetings. In one town a man gave us his house one night and the next night he and some others secured an empty house and brought chairs and lamps and we had a meeting to which forty came. As an example of what the house to house visiting will accomplish,

at this place we had at the first meeting seven people, but the next day spent in house to house visiting brought forty people the next night.

Tract distribution has been the means of opening the way for a Scripture lesson. The tract of the "Sermon on the Mount" has lead to many an opportunity to teach the word. A picture card with the words "honor thy father and thy mother" was the means of opening the door for teaching the Word to about twenty Mohammedans one day and gave the opportunity for a visit to the same place the next day when about thirty heard the Word. The distribution of purely Scripture tracts is one of the most important parts of the work from the car. The pity is that there are so few Scripture tracts. When one distributes the Scriptures they do it with the assurance that it will not return void and with the promise that "the entrance of Thy Word giveth light." Egypt needs to be filled with the Scriptures and we wish you to remember the Delta Car in your prayers that it may be a means of bringing the Scriptures to the millions of Egypt.

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY IN CAIRO.

BY REV. JAMES G. HUNT, D. D., CAIRO, EGYPT.

THERE WAS no special celebration. We do not make a great deal of anniversaries in Egypt—perhaps not as much as we should. Other societies and institutions call in their friends to rejoice with them over seventh and tenth anniversaries, while we often let semi-centennials pass unnoticed. A good old Scotch friend who lived in Cairo

used to say to us, "I think your trumpeter is dead." If not for trumpeting, at least for thanksgiving, it is well to note important mile-stones as we pass them.

It was fifty years in September of last year (1914) since the Theological Seminary was opened in Cairo. For a year before that an "Evangelists'

Class" had been conducted by Dr. Hogg for the better training of certain workers who helped in conducting meetings in the city. Others joined this class, two of whom ultimately became ordained men and successful pastors. Out of this effort grew the Theological Seminary which was opened on September 26th, 1864, less than ten years after the founding of the mission in Egypt.

It is worth noting that the founding of the Seminary ante-dated by some months that of the College in Assiut.

This would indicate that more emphasis was placed on evangelism than on education. Indeed the College itself was called a "Training College," its chief aim being to train men for Christian work; and such in name and character it still remains. The aim of every wise mission is to make its own presence in the foreign field unnecessary; and the shortest and surest way to this is the training up of men from the field itself who will evangelize and lead their own people. This was the Pauline method.

And so we find the Seminary opened and fourteen students enrolled the first year. If the roll was as large at the outset as it is now, this was mainly because the conditions of entrance had not yet been made very strict. So important is it felt at the present time to maintain a worthy educational standard, that ordinarily no candidate is received who does not hold a diploma from the College in Assiut or its equivalent. This necessarily limits the number, for it means something like a dozen years of good school work before entrance to the Seminary. So insistent is the Egyptian church upon this standard, that when a few years since a young man who had left the College two years before completing his course and had been teaching applied for admission to the Semi-

nary, he was told by the Synod that he must first go back and finish his college course; and this despite the fact that he had a wife and seven children! Moreover, he went back, earned his college diploma and then took the Seminary course and is now an ordained minister.

It was to Doctors Lansing and Hogg that the work of instruction was committed during the first years. As we look back to them we say, "There were giants in those days." Both, men of rare gifts and attainments in scholarship and in spiritual life, they left a deep mark on the men who sat at their feet. I have heard some of those students, now grown grey in the service, talk by the hour of those days and their teachers, while their eyes glowed at the remembrance of them. A little later Dr. Watson was added to the staff of instructors, and upon Dr. Hogg's death in 1886, Dr. Harvey became one of the teachers.

While others had some touch with the work in those first decades, these four men built their lives into it. In the autumn of 1908, Dr. Harvey was called home. The clearness and satisfying character of his Bible expositions and the fragrance of his saintly life will never be forgotten by those who sat under his teaching. Dr. Watson, by the good hand of our God upon us, is still with us. A more youthful octogenarian one seldom finds; his natural force scarcely abated; his mind as clear and keen as ever; his enthusiasm unquenched and buoyant. The students greatly prize his lessons in Theology and his fatherly counsel. Dr. Watson's life spans the history of the Seminary. Every minister and licentiate now living in the Egyptian church has passed under his training.

In more recent years others have been

connected with the work. At present seven names appear on the roll of the Faculty, but most of these give a large proportion of their time to other work. Especial mention may be made of Dr. Kruidenier, who for eighteen years has been the efficient teacher of Hebrew and other subjects; and Dr. Zwemer, whose expert knowledge of everything connected with Islam and work for Moslems has made him an invaluable addition to the staff.

During the half century 119 men completed the course of study, or if we wish to bring it to date and include the class of the present year, 123. Of these ninety are still living and working in our church in Egypt and the Sudan; fifteen have died; a dozen have withdrawn from the work from one cause or another; and a half dozen are working with other churches or societies.

This surely is no mean numerical showing for an infant church. Nor has the quality of the output been inferior. Like the apostles, most of the men, though not all, have come from the common ranks; and like that early band, the fellowship and service of the Master have transformed them. No one can come into close touch with them without feeling that many of them are God's noblemen. As preachers of the gospel, in pastoral and presbyterial work, or in personal, spiritual attainment, there are men among them not excelled by any in the church at home. With few exceptions they are the outstanding men in the communities and districts where they live; and their influence counts tremendously in the moulding of the new Egypt that is rising today out of her dead past. They are not yet "made perfect," not beyond the need for our prayers. But if through prayer they

are set on fire, the redemption of Egypt will be nigh.

The home of the Seminary has not always remained stationary. At times it has been in Assiut, and in Ramleh, and at times recitations have been held in Helman (a suburb of Cairo). For some ten years, part of the classes were taught in Assiut and part in Cairo. At other times the students have accompanied their teacher on the mission boat, in truly apostolic style, studying by day and preaching by night. But now for nearly thirty years the school has had a permanent home in Cairo, and yet no home of its own. It still occupies the cramped and dingy back rooms of the mission building assigned to it in 1886, though three small additional rooms have been erected on the roof two stories higher. The library is made up chiefly of donations of books that have fallen to the Seminary from time to time, and much of it is now out of date and of little value to the students. We ought not to advance far in the second half century till this primitive equipment gives place to something adequate and worthy. Special grounds and buildings properly equipped are a crying need.

It is an interesting coincidence that just fifty years from the time the early "Evangelists' Class" was merged into the Theological Seminary a similar class was opened (November, 1914), as an adjunct of the Seminary for the training of lay preachers, that the work of the Kingdom may be more speedily and widely extended. A hundred men could easily have been enrolled in this class, but after rigid sifting eight were admitted and took the first year's work. The value of this effort, it must be left for the future to test.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE AMULET IN THE LIFE OF THE EGYPTIAN MOSLEM WOMAN.

BY MINNEHAHA FINNEY, TANTA, EGYPT.

THE RELIGION of the Moslem woman of Egypt is centred in superstition. Its creed is a maze of folk-lore which would disgust the refined sensibility of an Occidental woman. A Christian woman approaches her God in prayer and praise. A Moslem woman has no right to pray and knows no reason for praise. She, in common with all humanity, craves an approach to the supernatural being. Although she knows there is a God to whom men pray, yet the supernatural she most often appeals to is evil spirits. The amulet she invariably wears and loads upon her children is her prayer for help—not to God but to the spirits of evil. "Why do you wear them?" I asked a poor peasant woman. I thought her answer pitiful, expressing an extreme hopelessness: "Our hearts are weak, very weak. We know no other way to get help." Another woman sitting beside her said, "Oh lady, I've tried every kind of amulet and have found no help from any of them, so I've thrown them all into the river." I am glad to say that she was one of my most attentive listeners in the Evangelistic tent.

The Moslem woman is forbidden by Moslem religious law to pray. The reason is because she cannot be ceremonially clean. Only men and old women can attain to that state. It has thus resulted in the idea that a Moslem woman cannot pray, so in her desire for help from some non-human source, she voices her appeal to a spirit of evil by a ridiculous amulet.

An amulet is an ornament, gem, scroll, or package containing a sacred relic or mystic writing. It is worn as a charm or

a preservative against evils or mischief, such as diseases or witchcraft.

A very flourishing trade is carried on in amulets and charms in Egypt. Moslem fakirs and Sheikhs (holy-men and priests) earn many an honest (?) penny by preparing these amulets for the poor deluded people, especially the women, who are blindly groping for divine help.

There is an endless variety of amulets, and it is entirely impossible to classify them as far as I have yet discovered. I was rather accidentally led into knowing the reason for their great variety by a little incident which happened while I was helping Mrs. Pollock with the Evangelistic work on the "Allegheny" (the Mission Evangelistic Medical Boat). I was seated at the door of the Evangelistic tent with a group of women and in my effort to better understand the trend of their minds, so as to be the better able to present Christian truth to them, I was trying to find out something about the various amulets they and their children were wearing. An old man passing by overhead the talk and said in a very condescending tone of voice, "Oh lady, if you want an amulet for yourself, make it from anything you wish or happen to think of and it will be quite acceptable." It struck me that his remark sounded very similar (yet what a different meaning!) to the teaching that I had been trying to give these poor ignorant women on prayer. I had been telling them to present their thoughts to God in their own words and He would hear—that was prayer—that was communion with God. The old man's inadvertent remark impressed upon me

the pernicious influence of the amulet upon the Moslem woman, taking the place, as it most assuredly does, of our precious privilege of prayer, being a veritable stick and stone and heap of rubbish blocking up her way to God.

It is a curious coincidence that the word in Arabic for amulet (*hegab*) is the very same word that is used for the "veil" of the temple, the real meaning of which is "to hide," "to prevent," "to preclude," "to intervene." The amulet does all that for the Moslem woman, and as the veil of the temple was rent in twain on Crucifixion Day so these heathenish tributes of the Moslem woman to the devils she worships can be rent from her only as she learns of Christ and Him crucified. One day a young mother with a pretty baby in her arms, the wife of a Moslem convert, was spending the day with me and she had an innocent looking charm tied to the baby's forelock. I asked her about it and another woman present hastened to explain that it was an amulet to keep away evil. When I said, "Christians have nothing to do with such things," the young woman quickly took it off and threw it out of the window. The action was a very real testimony that she understood, for generally the women cling very tenaciously to their amulets.

The amulets we most frequently see are small leather bags hung to a string around the neck or across the shoulder. They are supposed to contain all sorts of potent charms against any evil liable to befall the wearer. Enterprising missionaries have been known to open these bags to satisfy curiosity and have sometimes been rewarded by finding nothing at all except a good proof that the Moslem holy-men and priests have been deceiving their credulous followers, and a further proof that these religious

leaders have no faith in the amulet except as a source of livelihood for themselves.

Verses from the Koran, the names and attributes of God are written upon paper and put into these leather bags. Wonderful mixtures of spices and salt; the different grains; parts of the body such as a tooth, fallen hair, nails, etc.; anything the evil spirit may choose to request is sewed up in these bags. The evil spirit of a jealous woman who has no baby of her own has caused her sister's baby to become ill. This evil spirit is appealed to and her demands have to be satisfied or the baby will surely die. Sometimes it is a tiny silver fish, or a tiny silver hand, or a coin to be tied to the baby's forelock, or to the head kerchief or the braid of the mother. Strange to say a small wooden or metal cross or crucifix is a favorite amulet; also portions of Scripture or anything written by a Christian are in great demand to put into these leather bags. Sometimes the guileless missionary is thrilled with the eagerness with which his portions of Scripture or tracts are grabbed for by the ignorant who have no idea other than that they are something pertaining to Christianity and so want them for amulets. The underlying principle of this is that Christianity is an evil and it will have a power to offset evil. Patients come to the hospitals decorated with many curious amulets. A sickly child was brought to the doctor. A leather bag larger than usual was strung across the little chap's shoulder. The doctor curious as to its contents, opened it and found a large dead chameleon. It had been sewed up alive in the leather bag and the child had worn it for quite awhile. Any abnormal plant formation is seized upon as an amulet. The idea is that anything

abnormal is caused by an evil spirit and so will appease an evil spirit.

On one of the trips on the Delta Car, Mrs. Coventry and I visited the harim of a wealthy Bey, the Omdah (mayor) of the village. His palatial country house was furnished with gorgeous things from Paris. His wee daughter had on a beautiful dress, but she was loaded down with amulets. One of them was a large metal ring around her neck. It was made from seven piasters (nickel coins) which had been begged. This was to appease the evil spirit which might envy them their wealth.

There is no end to the variety of amulets and their reason for them. The universal use of the amulet by the Moslem woman has tied her down to an elaborate system of devil-worship deadening her spiritual perception and rendering it a difficult task, indeed, to bring her into the light and life of Gospel truth. With God all things are possible. We need a mighty and steady impact of prayer for a work of the Holy Spirit among our Moslem sisters to free them from the spiritual bondage in which they are held.

A TRIP ON THE "ALLEGHENY."

BY REV. A. W. POLLOCK, M. D., ZIFTA, EGYPT.



"ALLEGHENY" ON THE NILE.

IT MIGHT be interesting to the readers of the Magazine to know that the "Allegheny" was once the property of the Khedive of Egypt, and that from belonging to a Mohammedan and carrying one who denied that Jesus is Christ, it has become the property of the American Mission and is used to carry

from place to place those who preach this same Jesus as the only One Who can save the Moslems whose Khedive once walked its decks.

Perhaps the best way to give you an idea of the work would be to take you all for a trip on the boat. Theoretically this is possible but practically it isn't—for the "Allegheny" is not nearly so large as was the ill-fated Lusitania. Our accommodations are two little 6x8 double-berthed cabins, a cot on deck and a mattress on the bath tub.

However, we will risk it and take you all along. Before you came on deck somebody has been busy. The bunkers have been filled with coal, cases of medicines, bottles and cotton stored away in the lockers, but most important of all is the supply of canned goods, dried fruits and tinned butter and milk. Now don't be alarmed, you will not have to eat canned goods all the time nor drink condensed milk daily. The natives kill lots of little buffaloes and old mother

buffalo gives good milk if it is as white as chalk, but I think you will prefer tinned butter to any other available supply.

Don't jump so—that is only the Captain whistling good-bye—we're rather near the whistle here. Don't notice the motion do you? It is only on very windy days that one notices it on the Nile.

Yes, we've stopped on account of that bridge. It only opens a half an hour at 9 and 3, so we have an hour to wait, then that large span will slowly swing around and we'll be off again.

One gets impatient waiting at times, especially at Benha where there are four bridges within a mile. Well! here we go. Soon we will leave the river and enter the canal. Yes—on down there to your right, that masonry, that is the lock. That means another delay. Don't be alarmed as we leave the lock, the current is rather swift. Last March we broke the rudder chain here and bumped into that stone work on the left bank but no serious damage was done. Another lock—yes, but it's the last one today and we only have three more bridges and then it will be plain sailing to the village at which we are going to stop. No, this isn't more thickly populated than the rest of the Delta. It's all like this, the most thickly populated place per square mile in the world. There are millions here and many villages a missionary has never visited yet.

Well! the last bridge is passed at last and away yonder is the village we are aiming for. See, the children have already spied us, and before we get there, there will be a large crowd of men, women and children to meet us.

Did you ever see so many children and babies in a small village before? It's just like that every place you go in

Egypt. Poor little things, so many of them are under-fed and suffer terribly with sore eyes and all sorts of diseases. They are generally left to get well themselves which is really more merciful than the crude treatment to which they are often subjected. Tomorrow at the clinic you will see many strange sights.

Just notice how they are crowding along the bank where we are about to tie up. They will advertise us well. See that man over there? You don't understand what he is saying do you? He is telling the people that this is the boat of the "Mubeshareen" (evangelists) and that with them is a doctor who has a whole (?) drug store on board and machines for pulling teeth without pain.

Captain, have the men put the tents up tonight, for we want to begin work early tomorrow.

Come down, good people, and have some supper. I'm sure this air has made you all hungry.

Hot, do you say, here in the dining saloon? It isn't more than 90 degrees I think. You see right through that wall is the boiler—but it has its advantages. When we have steam up the food doesn't get cold on the table.

Tomorrow it will be pleasanter if the weather cools off—but you cannot expect much cooler weather this month. It often goes up to 100 degrees on deck. In the tents? Oh, that is a different story. Try it some day for three hours, your feelings will be a better indicator than a thermometer.

Good morning! Hope you all rested well last night. That noise and terrible rocking? Oh! that was only a wind storm. It broke one of the guy ropes and the spar which holds us out from the shore fell down under the keel and we were blown against the bank. The

bushes crashed through our window, but you have to get used the things like that.

See! the people are already gathering at the tents, waiting for clinic. They get impatient sometimes, but they must wait until they have heard the Gospel before we treat any of them. You go to the women's tent with Mrs. Pollock while she reads and prays with them. You will see this morning some of your Egyptian sisters hear for the first time that Christ died for them. In about an hour come to my tent for by that time the men's lesson will be over and the clinic will begin.

Well! you are back. It was interesting, did you say, such a novel experience? Yes, dear friends, it is interesting but more than that it is sad—terribly sad—to look into these faces day after day and think that the two ladies on the Delta Car and the "Allegheny" and Miss Finney, Secretary for the whole Delta, are the only ones itinerating among the Delta's millions. (There is only two now since Mrs. Pollock has been called home). Now let me show you some of the cases that have come to the clinic today.

This old man is a leper. Don't draw back, you are in no danger. He knows his disease is incurable and has come for his eyes which he tells me burn like fire. Notice one of them is gone and several fingers and toes. He says that the disease has been lingering now for years. I can only give some drops for his eye and some medicine for a gnawing pain in the stomach.

Notice this case. She has ingrowing lashes of the upper lid. See how the hairs rub the eye ball everytime she winks. She is twelve years old and they want to get her eyes cured so they can marry her off. She is a hopeful case. She must come for several days'

treatment, then we can operate and she will be healed.

Cute little babies. Yes, the mother says, they are twins and that they never open their eyes any more. We will examine them and see. Well! this is, I think, one of the saddest sights I've ever seen. Each baby has had a deep ulcer on each eye and they have been fifteen days without any treatment and now—they are blind—stone blind for life. Poor little Hossan and Mohmoud—they are only two months old. It would be sad enough in America but here, seen at Nowos El Gheit, November, 1914.

Here comes another bad case. No wonder the child screams. It is a case of purulent conjunctivitis. The lids are so swollen that they are completely everted—literally turned inside out. The mother tells me that they have been that way for ten days. Just imagine the suffering with the raw surface of the lid exposed to wind, sand and flies. However, with very careful treatment they should be all right in ten days if they bring her to the clinic daily.

What! you are feeling sort of sick—would like to sit down? I don't wonder, you are not used to these pitiful sights. Perhaps you had better go down and sit on deck for we have two hours' more work here.

Well! the clinic is over for the morning. We always have patients in the afternoons too. I generally stay about the boat till late afternoon, but Mrs. Pollock always goes off to a village to visit in the homes of friends made in the morning. On very hot days I try to persuade her to stay in and rest, but she always replies, "Oh, I must tell them of Christ, too, we may never pass this way again."

This afternoon you will meet scores of women who never get to the boat, but these homes would not be open without the clinic work, so you can see how thankful we are that the home folks have given us the "Allegheny" which brings us right to the doors of these needy people.

I'm afraid I'll have to bid you good-bye now. A man has just come to take me by donkey to a distant village off to the west where there is a woman in direst need, and I can't get back till after your train has left for Cairo. I know you will enjoy the afternoon and I'm sure you will have a better idea of the boat work in the Delta when you get back to America than you had before you left home.

You will pray more for us, won't you? You never can know how it strengthens us to know that away yonder across the waters toward the setting sun there are many definitely holding us up in prayer

daily. Never feel like the one who said one day, "Well, I'd like to help you, but I can't do much, I can only pray." Did you ever read what Andrew Murray says in his little book "Absolute Surrender?" He said: "Do you know what *the hardest and most important work* is that has to be done for this sinful world? It is the work of intercession, the work of going to God and *taking time* to lay hold on Him."

We have found that if we don't take time to lay hold on God we cannot take hold of the people. Talking to men for God is a great thing, but talking to God for men is greater still. Well, good-bye, don't forget us when you get back home.

—My dear friends: I have mixed many tears with the ink in writing this "trip" for every line has brough memories of my sainted wife whose life burned out for Christ on the "Allegheny." I have written it as if before she was taken. I couldn't bear to think of the "Allegheny" without her.—A W POLLOCK.

"FOR SUCH A TIME AS THIS."

BY MRS. LORETTA MITCHELL HOYMAN.

THIS IS a time of war and desolation, of horror and killing and dying, but it is more—it is a time for living and making to live.

A missionary from South Africa at a summer conference said to a United Presbyterian girl, "As I visited your Egyptian mission on my way home I resolved to tell any of your church people I met in America what an important and strategic place the work there occupies." Egypt—strategy—we hear the words often these days and always with interest. Though always important because of its situation as the

key to the Sudan, West Arabia, Syria, and the Far East; its position as the gateway through which yearly passes the flood of Islam on its pilgrimage from other lands to Mecca; its eighty newspapers, many of them circulated throughout the Moslem world; its great Mohammedan university, El Azhar, which trains in fanaticism followers of the false prophet from all his dominions; its use of the Arabic language; its progress materially and educationally under British rule, Egypt, finds herself today facing special conditions both as to the

country and as to mission work. Why is this true?

SPECIAL PRESENT CONDITIONS.

1. The religious front of Islam is rapidly changing and Cairo, the brain center of Mohammedanism, may soon become the heart center also.

2. Moslems are more independent in their study and thought. An alarming number of them are becoming atheistic while many inquire about Christianity.

3. European missions find their forces and funds sadly crippled so that more and more people turn to us for help.

4. The Egyptian church with many members financially ruined cannot pay its usual sum toward self-support and extension.

5. Three of our own young women returned sick last year and only one went out while another has been in the hospital five months.

6. The work has grown tremendously in recent years. Mission force and money have not so increased.

7. The health of many is perilously near the breaking, because of great demands upon strength. Some already weary from the year's school will spend part of their rest time in the hospital at Assiut as it is impossible to get enough nurses.

All these make immediate action imperative without even a mention of thousands of British soldiers needing guidance, crowds of refugees from Syria clamoring for more than temporal aid and sixteen thousand wounded just brought to Alexandria alone.

A QUEEN'S TASK.

Will you think of these facts and then of a message once sent to the young girl who alone could save her nation, "For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then will relief and deliver-

ance arise to the Jews from another place, but thou and thy father's house will perish: and who knoweth whether thou art not come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" As Esther was queen for this service, so are you and I made Christian women in a church responsible for Egypt.

Surely as Isaiah wrote, "It is too light a thing that thou shouldst be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob and to restore the preserved of Israel: I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth."

NO CHRIST—NO LIFE.

In a recent address Bishop Stuntz, just returned from South America, took as his text, "Everything shall live whithersoever the River cometh." He spoke of the absence of music, art, literature except where Christ was known, of the "absolute hopelessness without the Water."

One bright winter morning I realized this as never before when I stood on the edge of the Nile Valley and faced three thousand miles of desert sand and rock and silence while from my very feet and back to the river stretched richest fields of vivid green wherever the overflow had come. There is a little church in Egypt where the life of Christ glows forth, but oh, the stony, barren wastes of souls where the false prophet rules.

THE CALL OF NUMBERS.

No war conditions, however, make the present so urgent. It is the five million women and girls that call us—women, ignorant, degraded, sick and sinful, crushed, careless, hardened, groping, wretched, rich and poor, beautiful and ugly, but women, our women and dependent upon God and us United Presbyterians for life eternal. There are so many of them—never out of sight by

rail or on foot, tottering under heavy burdens or idle by the wayside or shut year after year behind closed doors. We cannot think in the millions nor even in thousands. It was only our Christ Who could bear the misery and sin of so many and under it His heart broke that night in the garden.

THE CALL OF NEED.

Surely these are they "that sit in darkness and the shadow of death" having no hope and without God in the world. You would know it if you felt your heart ache as they crowded past you every day in the streets, as they pressed around you when you sat in their houses, as you saw them throng to the clinic and the markets, as you heard their hopeless wailing and fierce quarrelling, as you knew—though no Christian woman ever can fully know—the sinfulness and misery and horror of their lives, always the physical hunger and pain, ever the fear of divorce and cruelty and evil spirits.

Endless miles of Egypt's women,
Ages of them, past, to come,
With an agony of anguish
Wrung from hearts already numb,
Sickening sound of lives crushed roughly
And a voiceless bitter cry
That doth come from souls in suffering,
Souls of women as they die.

Stretching seas of girlish faces,
Inexpressible their woe
Wretched, blank, with cruel markings
Of a tyrant's heavy blow,
Mourning, weeping, wailing, grieving,
Bleeding hearts too soon grown old;
Silent sobbing; piteous pleading;
Blighted lives to horror sold.

Plaintive moan of little children
Loveless, helpless, stained with sin
And a tomb of living terror
Where a childish heart has been;
Sorrow! These are Egypt's sorrow,
These, the cancer of this land
And no power can ever save it
But our God's almighty hand.

Will you think again of Esther's peril and duty, her prayer and her joy as you hear of an aged woman who said, "I'm too old; you must teach the others;" of one who listened eagerly then pressed her hands against her temples and cried, "It just won't go in here;" of a mother who left her two-year old son all night in an empty tomb for healing: of Sitt Attar, the only Christian in her town, bravely carrying on her little sewing school for Moslem girls and teaching them the Bible daily: of faithful Bible women working year after year with much to hinder and little to help: of women eager for visits to whom no one ever goes: of two teachers resigning good positions and salaries to enter this difficult work in the houses: of Ameena, persecuted yet true: of Labeeba, persecuted and turning from Christ: of school girls beaten almost to death because they pray: of a wealthy Jewess constantly watched lest she attend a meeting: of the girls who heard of Christ and God in school and now in their loneliness long for help. These all need you, but oh, beyond them and around them are others, great districts where no missionary dwells, where only one woman in a thousand can read and she has no Word of God. Can you not see them stretching out all along the railways and canals, thronging the cities, more and more and more of them?

Think how many years it has taken with preaching and teaching to make us even the weak Christians we are and then pray as you never prayed before that Christ may be known to these and be lived by them, that they may wish to follow Him and be enabled so to do. Will you give, and go, as you never have done? Certainly your all would not be too much to use in saving a loved one and these are dear to our Saviour.

We are our brothers' keepers. There cannot but be scores of you who will willingly place your lives in glad service against this awful need and none can say you, "Nay."

It appals us to think of the lives now wasted in mortal conflict when the King of kings has waited twenty centuries for these very nations and for us to "Go and preach to every creature." Will you not undertake with God, for God, and in God's strength to carry this through and to win one and another and all of these women as long as He shall give you life?

As one writes of St. Paul:

Then with a rush the intolerable craving
Shivers throughout me like a trumpet call,
Oh to save these! to perish for their saving
Die for their life, be offered for them all.

Let us do it, let us do it now, every day and every hour with every fiber of our being—each one having "come to the kingdom for such a time as this," all with the dedication shown by one of our own workers in this leaf of her diary:

"One of a hundred is the proportion that we may be said to be reaching in

this district—where are the ninety and nine? When shall we ever reach them? If six of us can touch only twelve thousand, how shall we teach the one million three hundred thousand?

"Oh, it is appalling! Take out the big city. Take out the eight cities containing the eighty-one Protestants of the district. Here are three hundred fifty-one towns of over a thousand and countless villages, seven hundred thousand people absolutely, absolutely untouched! What does it mean for a soul to perish? Surely, Father, Thou didst not mean that these should perish when with Thee is plenteous redemption. In our Father's house is enough and to spare while these perish. Oh, help me my Father, God, that all which does not tend to glorify Thee and to win souls may be as nothing to me. May I live and work and pray so that Thou Thyself canst work and live through me. 'Take my life anew, O Father, and make it Thine own.'"

TANTA GIRLS' SCHOOL.

BY CAROL McMILLIAN, TANTA, EGYPT.

I wish I could say that the new home for the Tanta Girls' School was nearing completion and would be ready for occupancy when the school opens on September 1st for the coming year's work. How very happy I would be if it were true!

But there are three reasons, humanly speaking, which have prevented the realization of this greatly longed for hope.

The first was to get a satisfactory set of plans drawn to meet the needs of both the day school and the boarding school. After the first set of plans were drawn, the city authorities made the street, which in the plans had been considered a side street, one of the principal

streets in that section of the city. The house in which the Governor of the city and province lived was on that street in the next block. So the plans had all to be drawn over and the building made to front on that street. Then before this set of plans were completed this principal street was widened thus changing the frontage of our lot somewhat and the plans had to be altered again.

When at last the plans were completed there was some delay in obtaining the approval of them. This held back the beginning of the building operations until well into the summer.

When building operations would have been begun, the war broke out, and prices, especially of building materials,

which must be brought from Europe, soared to such an extent that they became prohibitive unless one had an unlimited bank account. Prices have not decreased since then, but have rather gone higher so that all building operations cost at least a third more and in some case a half.

The building committee has felt that it was unwise to begin building operations when conditions are such that the money available for the erection of the building would be expended long before the realization of its plans.

For these reasons nothing has been done toward making a beginning on the

And now I want to tell you of some things that have filled my heart with joy in connection with our school.

In April we had a week of special meetings for all but the youngest of the children. We did not have a room that would accommodate them all. The meetings were held immediately after the close of school each day for a half hour. A Rev. Mr. Fairman of the North African Mission conducted the meetings except one when he could not be present and our own Rev. Boyd took charge of it most acceptably. The girls were most interested and attentive.

A little prayer meeting of all of the



The boarders in the TANTA GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL. This is as many as the present boarding department can accommodate.

The new building is very much needed.

building and I am so sorry to bring this disappointing news to the splendid women of our church who responded so nobly to the appeal for funds for the erection of a permanent home for our Girls' School here.

But I think the delay is one of the "all things which work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose," and we can perfectly trust Him to make it all come out just right and in such a way that His highest glory will be realized and the greatest amount of blessing to the greatest number of souls be brought about.

teachers was held each morning in the office and each one of them was much in prayer during the day asking for God's blessing to be upon the girls that their hearts might be prepared for the receiving of the message and that the speaker might be powerfully used by the Holy Spirit in touching the hearts of the girls. We all felt that much seed-sowing had been done and that there should be a harvesting in order that the ripened grain would not be lost.

At the last meeting a definite decision was asked for; each girl who was willing to give her hand to Christ and walk with Him that He might keep her safely and

guide her through life was asked to rise and fully three-fourths of all the girls rose. I cannot tell you what joy filled our souls when we saw this beautiful sight. Among the number were five Mohammedan girls.

The days which have passed since then have evidenced the fact that the girls were in earnest in taking their stand for Christ. I have been so pleased with the spirit manifested by the girls of the sixth year class; I believe that each one of them is a sincere believer in Christ and is faithfully trying to live for Him.

Before the meetings three of the teachers had not been friends, but because of the spirit of the meetings they were led to forget their differences and to become friends again. I have been so happy over this I long to have the peace of God rule and reign in each and all of our hearts.

We were quite excited over a visit that our school received along with a number of others in the city, from the National Minister of Education, his English advisor, a Dr. Dunlop, the Governor of our city and province, the Director of Education in this province, the Lieutenant Governor, the Chief of Police, and some attendants, about the middle of March. We did our best to make them welcome. The girls had a welcome song, one of the older girls had a brief welcome address and we had made the whole house present its best possible appearance. We had a display of the needle work of the girls on a table in the office. Flowers were everywhere; and let me tell you what I did which shows you how we do things in Egypt. I went over to the Governor's garden and got a bouquet of cut flowers to present to his guest, the Minister of Education. That would take one's breath at home, but it doesn't disturb us here.

The girls were all lined up in order in the court when the party arrived and after Rev. Boyd, Miss Baird and myself had welcomed them, they were seated and the girls sang their song. Then the girl who had the little speech of welcome proceeded with her part, but poor child, she wasn't accustomed to such distinguished company or was too excited

to remember—at any rate she forgot and the Minister very kindly said, "Never mind," that it was enough anyway.

Then the party went into the office and looked at the display of needlework and after a few minutes conversation they left us for another school. They were very kind and we enjoyed their visit.

Just now we are very busy getting ready for the graduating exercises of our sixth year class which takes place on the 18th of June. There are five girls in the class—two are Egyptians and three are Syrians. The girls themselves are to give the program and at its close Dr. Andrew Watson is to give a brief address to them. They are such dear girls we shall miss them next year.

THE VOLUNTEER BAND OF THE PRESSLY MEMORIAL INSTITUTE.

By Anna B. Criswell.

The Volunteer Band of the Pressly Memorial Institute was organized in January, 1912, at the close of a wonderful series of revival meetings led by Rev. Wasif Philubbus. But the idea of doing volunteer work didn't originate in the school then. For away back in 1868, Miss McKown wrote of three girls going out into the homes to teach some of the women. One of the first aims of the school has always been to inculcate a spirit of service. And it was the voluntary offering of her services as a teacher, by one of the wealthy girls in 1884 that led many others to take up that work.

And so the girls came at the close of the meetings saying, "We want to write our names as promising to do some definite work for Christ." Among them were girls of wealth and social position and if they could go out freely to hold meetings in the homes, of course the parents of the other girls couldn't object. The Band numbered about 30 that first year and has continued about the same ever since.

One might think that in a place like Assiut where the mission has carried on effective work through the schools, the hospital and the hareem workers for the past 50 years, there would be little

need for voluntary work of any kind. But the Orient is not so easily changed and one day's visit in the poorer homes would convince you of the awful need. The sickly, neglected children, the low standards of morality, and the appalling indifference and ignorance of the women cry out for help. How often have we taught them that the meaning of that verse, "Present ye your bodies a living sacrifice unto God" implies a daily service of the hands and of the feet in the home; that God chose dirt as a type of sin and no woman who really loves God can sit down to gossip with her neighbors while her house is still unswept and her children turned loose in the streets.



The "Washing Division" of P. M. I. Girls
Washing on the Roof Saturday Morning.
Assiut, Egypt.

So many of the children are afflicted with terrible diseases because of lack of care and the loss of sight is looked upon as a providence that God might send to any one. Hatred finds rich soil in which to grow in the hearts of these women and the awful curses they call down on one another could not be mentioned. In one of the meetings one day there were two women who hadn't spoken with each other for four months. Practically all the time was taken up in showing them how wrong such a spirit is and at last they were reconciled and the girls came home with joyful faces to tell what had happened. The following Sabbath, one of the women was sick and they went to read and pray with her and before the time for the next meeting came, she had been called home. The girls were deeply impressed with the need of carrying the message before it is too late.

It is into homes and conditions such as these, that the girls go, led by the love of Christ; they carry with them the higher standards of life which have been taught them day by day in the Christian Boarding School. The doors are wide open. Many a request to enter has had to be refused because of a lack of workers. During the past term twenty-six meetings were conducted every Sabbath afternoon and the number of hearers was 265. The girls cannot go out just alone, but a teacher starts out with a band of three or five and when they reach the street where their meetings are held, they go two by two into the homes or in rare cases each takes a meeting herself.

It was at the beginning of the present semester that we were looking for a new place for a meeting as several new girls had joined our Band. Two of the girls were left in charge of the old meeting in a certain quarter and Tohfa and I started out to find a new place. It was a Moslem neighborhood and because of the somewhat strained conditions resulting from the war, we were very anxious to be definitely guided as to where to open a new meeting. Tohfa had known the women in one of the houses so we decided to go there first and see if they would consent to have a meeting in their home. We were received with the greatest politeness and with great difficulty persuaded them not to make coffee for us because it was Sabbath. After asking many times about the health of the various members of the family we began to explain to them a verse from the Bible. They listened courteously enough, but when we offered to come again the following Sabbath if they would gather in some of their neighbors, they weren't very enthusiastic. "And anyway," the woman said, "why don't you go to Sitt Roma's house? She is a Christian, and they used to hold a meeting there." We didn't know there was a Christian family in the neighborhood and were delighted to be shown to the house some doors farther up the street. We felt sure that God had heard our prayers and was leading us. But we were

hardly prepared for the surprise that met us there. Sitt Roma had seen us coming and she greeted us at the door with the most cordial welcome and to our amazement said, "I know who you are, I know who you are. I knew you were coming today." She seated us on the floor of the one room—and it was clean and tidy—and began to explain how she knew us.

The year before one of the women from the church had been holding meetings in her home, but for some months she hadn't been coming, for her husband refused to let her continue the work. All the neighborhood had received a wonderful blessing, but now the women were going back to their old ways of quarrelling and cursing and fighting and Sitt Roma was troubled and distressed. She had prayed earnestly about it and that week in a dream two women had appeared to her saying that she should not be troubled for they were coming to her house soon. And so it was little wonder that she greeted us so cordially that day. And every Sabbath since, she has gathered in her Moslem neighbors until the little room was full and we have tried in the simplest language possible to tell them of the way of life through Christ.

Satan puts many difficulties in the way and sometimes the girls are discouraged. They often go and find the women baking, for the meager pittance their husbands are paid for their work doesn't supply them with bread for more than a week. The difficulties to overcome make one understand the patience of Christ, Who went right on with His meeting though a shouting mob was tearing off the roof to let one more needy one down into His presence. With the meeting in a small open court, where perhaps one woman is sitting sewing, another bathing her baby, another cleaning out her little girl's head ready for school tomorrow and others passing back and forth talking to them all, with goats and chickens and children everywhere, and some naughty boys on the edge of the low roof watching for some fun, it is hard to sow the seed patiently.

Infinite tact also is needed, for the

message of the cross is not always accepted. In one house, when the leader explained the story of the death and resurrection of Christ to a large crowd of Moslem women, they all got up and left in anger saying that they wouldn't listen to such talk, and even the owner of the house, a Christian, was offended and upbraided the leader sharply for having driven off all her neighbors.

But the seed, though sown in weakness, does bring forth fruit. In two houses the women were led to give up their long continued mourning customs and to attend church again. Many have learned the Bible texts from week to week and also simple prayers. One wretched old creature was persuaded to give up smoking—a common sin among the women. The children are brought to the meeting with their faces and hands clean and one mother agreed to pay the one dollar per month tuition that her daughter might receive a Christian education. At the prison, a woman who hated her husband and cursed him every time she spoke of him and declared she would not live with him when she got out of prison, was led little by little to see her mistake. She began to pray for him and one day she came with tears in her eyes saying, "I have forgiven him everything. I am a new Faheema now. The old Faheema is not here."

And now the term has closed and the girls have scattered to their homes and it will not be so easy for them to continue their work. Only twelve of the Band will be allowed to go out into other homes to hold meetings while three or four may be given permission to take a Sabbath School class or a women's meeting at the church. One of the girls, alas! isn't even allowed to go to church except at night. But there will be opportunities at home among the servants, or the neighbors or the children who always fill the streets. And it is the purpose of each one to bear witness for Christ, wherever opportunity offers and to remember faithfully our motto, "We are workers together with Him."

SOME INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF TANTA HOSPITAL.

By May Holland.

I do not know of anything more interesting to a nurse than a clinic with plenty of work. Every disease, especially every new disease, is full of interest to us here in Egypt.

As the hundreds of men, women and children come every week to the clinic of the Martha McKown Memorial Hospital in Tanta either for treatment for their various diseases, or for operations which often keep them about for months, one becomes personally interested in them and learns to know them by name.

I am writing this in the Clinic Dispensary and little Ameena, with her mother, is sitting on the floor talking in Arabic, of course. But I understand them very well as they have been with us now eight months. Ameena has had another operation on her foot so she is not walking around these days. Her patient mother carries her wherever she wants to go. She is learning to read a little, but she does not keep at it very long at a time. We cannot blame her for she has suffered a great deal with her foot. We hope to put her in one of our schools when she is able to leave here. I can hear Miss Finney who is in another part of the Hospital building explaining the Word of God to one, Sheikh Badery. This man has been with us a couple of months and has become very much interested in our religion. He asked for a Bible so that he might read it and see for himself what it has to say about Jesus being the Son of God. So Miss Finney is giving him a Bible with very large print on account of his eyes being very weak and she is explaining it to him.

Little Shoak who has been coming to the Hospital for months with the dreadful Egyptian sore head is perfectly well now. She came every Sabbath for awhile to the meeting we have for the patients, but her people have stopped her coming. She is very bright and learns quickly. She can sing the twenty-third Psalm very well. We have another

little one coming every day now for at least two months. She is just covered with sores and after all this time one can hardly see the least improvement. Her face has to be covered every day with medicine and gauze and a bandage. They tell her at home if she dares pull it off we will do something dreadful to her when she comes back.

In February we had Haggie here with very sore eyes. It seemed at first that she would loose her sight but we worked with hot compresses and medicines and



AMEENA AND HER MOTHER.

This is the little girl referred to in the annual report.

(See "Our Sisters in Egypt").

fly-blister once in awhile till at last she could open her eyes and was even talking about going back to her village. But one day her husband came and told her that he would have to have another wife, a young woman, as soon as he could get ten dollars to pay for her. He said that Haggie could go back to his house too and that he would take her in time for the wedding. She said, "No," that she

would not be a servant for his new wife, and be beaten around by them, so she returned to her father's house. The name Haggie means Pilgrim.

A very sick woman was brought to the Hospital. She had been sick for eight months before she came. After she was operated on she got well rapidly. Her friends who came to visit her showed by their very manner that there was something wrong with them. I asked the patient, if these people did not work, how they earned their living. She told me plainly. I could see sin and everything related to it written on their faces. She told me that there was a company of them and they danced and played at weddings and if you saw them dancing you would never forget it. They also played a kind of music to cast out evil spirits. I know these women never heard a prayer before they came to the Hospital, never heard the Bible till Miss Sadie Thompson read and explained God's Word to them. It was the first time they ever heard of Christ in a sacred way or even in a respectful way. It was all so new to them that they talked about it for days after one of the meetings and were always asking for Miss Thompson to come back again.

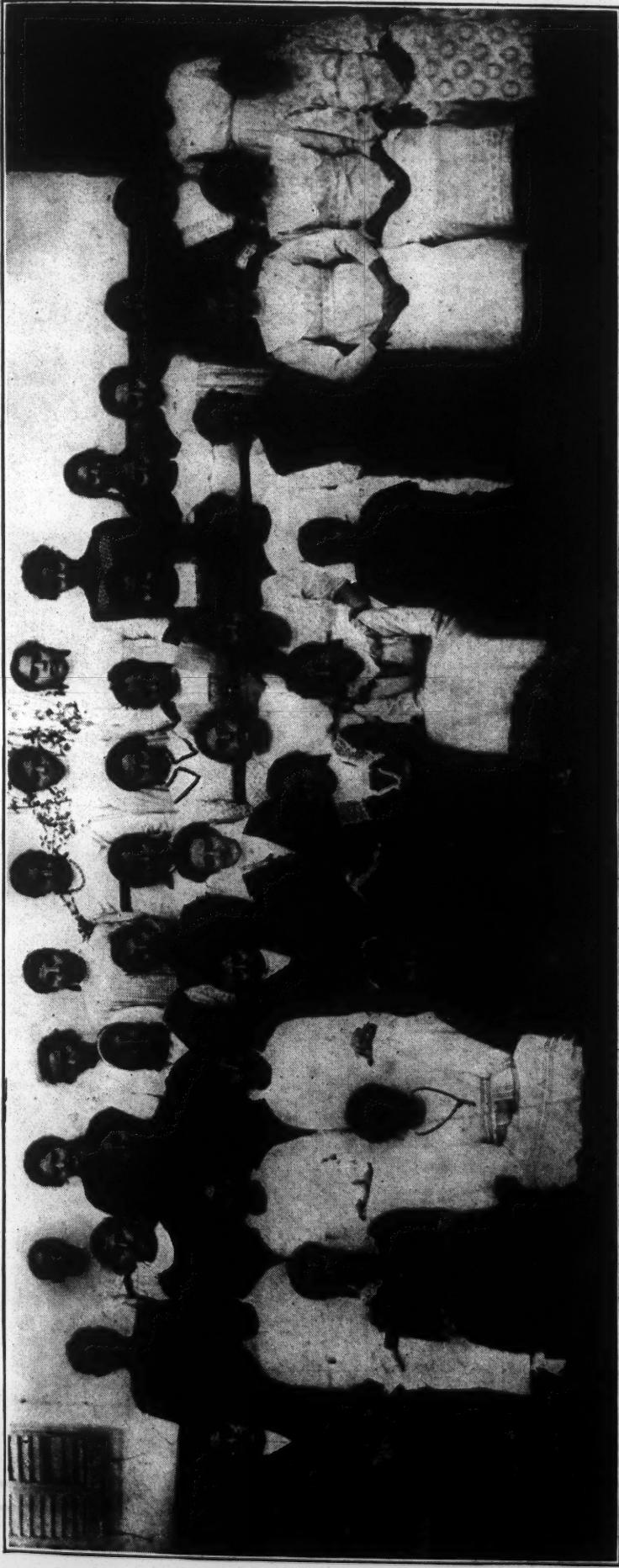
Today a girl and her mother came to us. The girl has been badly burned. She is in a dreadful condition. Poor creature! Their mud hut is destroyed and what little they had in it. The

oldest son, Mohammed, has been very ill for some time of an incurable disease. He had been with us in the Hospital for some time and, we feel, learned the way of life. When the fire broke out in their village, he was lying on his pallet in the corner of the hut, and in the rush for safety out to the fields he was so exhausted that he died that night. The men were busy trying to save a few things so a few women with the mother laid the body on a door and carried it to the place where they bury their dead. I asked the mother where the rest of the family stayed. She said my son is buried, my daughter and I are here in the Hospital and the rest are sitting under the sycamore tree.

I often think of what Mr. Dan Crawford said so often at the New Wilmington Conference. I would like to use his words to express the way I feel, "Oh, the tragedy of it!" Oh, the poor needy women here! If some of the people at home who give to Mission could have seen the expression on the face of this mother when I told her that because her son believed that Jesus was the Son of God, and trusted Him, he was now with Him, that the spirit of her son was with Jesus in a beautiful home in heaven, the people who give to Tanta Hospital would rejoice in the privilege of giving, making it possible for souls to be brought within the reach of Gospel Light and Life.



The Hospital as it has stood since building operations were suspended on August 3, 1914.



"VOLUNTEER BAND"
Pressley Memorial Institute, Assiut, Egypt. December, 1914.



**PRESSLEY MEMORIAL
INSTITUTE.**

Girls' Boarding School,
Assiut, Egypt.
View from the front.



A little blind girl, a boarder at Pressley Memorial Institute, Assiut, learning to read the Gospel, by means of the raised type, so as to become a Bible teacher, and "Aziza," who voluntarily became her little guardian, leading her around and caring for her in many ways.

THE EGYPTIAN SUDAN



WOMEN IN THE FOREST OF BOR.

The Shilluks are a proud race. They count themselves and all they have superior to others and all they have, even though the latter be white men. Their attitude toward strangers is never that of subserviency, but rather of mere tolerance. In going about they usually carry a spear and club, often several. Their haughtiness and independence, perhaps more than any other qualities, mark them off from the freedmen of the United States. They bear a strong resemblance in these respects to the American Indian.

In his prophecy concerning Ethiopia, Isaiah speaks of "a people tall and smooth, a people terrible from their beginning hitherto." The Shilluks may be regarded as fulfilling this description with wonderful literalness. The average height is 5 feet 10 inches. Many of them naturally exceed six feet or six feet and a half.

THE SHULLA PEOPLE—THEIR LANGUAGE AND FOLKLORE.

BY REV. D. S. OYLER, SUDAN MISSION.

MAN NEEDS language to communicate with his fellows. The question is often asked, do the Shullas have a language, that is are they able to converse intelligently?

The Shullas have a well established language in spite of the fact that reading and writing are unknown arts to them. The nearest approach to writing is in apportioning the tax which must be rendered the government. The old chief knows the amount of the tax for the whole village, and he divides the amount among his followers. Small sticks of the same size are given to each man, and for each stick he must give a sack of grain. If a person is required to give a half sack he gets a stick half the size of the ordinary stick.

The language is transmitted from parents to children. They learn the language as little children in our own land learn to talk. They begin to use the words which they hear in constant use. When a new word is heard the child must either guess at its meaning or else go to an older person for it meaning.

It is not unusual when a young man has been asked the name of a rare plant or animal, or the meaning of an unusual word, for him to reply, "I am not an old man, go to the old men, for they will be able to give you the information which you desire." As we would commend the dictionary to a man in doubt about the meaning of a word, they would commend the opinion of the old men.

We are frequently asked, "Is the Shulla vocabulary large, and does it cover all the walks of life?"

The vocabulary is larger than the missionary anticipates, and the distinctions

and shades of meaning are finer than expected. The things of every day life find easy expression in a rich vocabulary. Rare animals and plants are not known by well established names, and the names are often descriptive. The rhinoceros is an example, as it is called the one-horned creature. The common plants and creatures have well established names. Many of the animals have been named for the sound they make. The cat is called *nyow*, the lion is *ngu*. The vocabulary dealing with cattle is richer than in the English.

New objects are often named for things which they suggest to the mind. Thus a certain kind of cloth was called guinea fowl, because its color suggested the guinea fowl to the native mind.

Sometimes the natives are not agreed as to the exact meaning of a word. However the household words have well established meanings.

The religious vocabulary is often the despair of the missionary. Many ideas found in Christianity are absolutely foreign to their conception of life. Many terms used in Christianity have no equivalent in the Shulla. To meet this need new meanings must be given to old words, or else new words will have to be coined. Grace, mercy, righteousness and inward peace are unknown to them. They know nothing of sin and purity in the abstract. They have some words with a religious trend. They have seen men snatched from death, and so they have a word for save.

Practically all the words are of one syllable, and hence many words are similar in sound. Some words are so much alike that at the first hearing they are judged to be identical, but later are

found to be slightly different. Many words have more than one meaning.

The Shullas are very saving of their words, and often a gesture takes the place of a word. The stress laid on a word often denotes its degree. The word for many, said in any ordinary tone, means several, increase the stress, and it means a great number.

Voice is very difficult in Shulla. The sign of the passive is very easy to distinguish when they are speaking slowly, but when they speak rapidly it becomes merely a breath, and the ear can hardly distinguish it. They prefer the passive, and use it much more than they do the active.

In our language work our goal has not yet been reached. We are able to talk intelligently, and to give them the gospel in simple language, but the entire language has not yet been mastered. Patience and work will be required to master the entire language, and translate the Bible. A beginning has been made in translation work, but our imperfect knowledge of the language is shown in the translation. As our knowledge of the language increases the mistakes will be corrected. Our aim is to give the Shullas an accurate translation of the Bible.

Passing from the language to the literature we find it in much the same condition as the Greek literature before Homer sang. The number of stories and legends is very great. Being unable to write, their history must be handed down from father to son. When evening comes they assemble in the cow barn, and sitting around a flickering fire they hear the marvellous deeds of their ancestors, which become greater with the telling. The tricks and virtues of the animals often form the setting for a story. They have retentive memories,

and the stories heard are not soon forgotten.

The stories are divided into different groups. The acts of the ancients are historical legends and stories dealing with the lives of men long dead. The traditions are enriched with many brave exploits, which have perhaps become greater in the retelling. The kings and great chieftains are the heroes of these stories. The hardships and victories of Nikang as he led his few followers from the heart of Africa are often the theme of the camp fire. His wars, which drove out the other peoples and secured their land for the Shullas, are often recounted.

Some stories show the meaner side of their heroes. Often the hero is very sordid. The following story is told of Nya Dwai, who was a very hard-hearted ruler.

Nya Dwai ruled the people very oppressively, and many were put to death. The hearts of the people melted, and they fled because of oppression. Nya Dwai followed the people, and the following dialogue occurred, the questions being put by the king, and the people giving the answers. "Why do you flee?" "Our hearts are broken because of being killed by you." "Do I kill people?" "Yes, you are very bitter." "I am bitter like what?" "You are bitter like the wild gourd." "Is the wild gourd bitter?" "Yes." Nya Dwai said very well, then went and gathered quantities of wild gourds. The gourds were then cooked with an abundance of oil. The people were called, and they feasted on the gourds. Nya Dwai spoke to the people saying, "How are the gourds?" The people replied they are very sweet. Nya Dwai then said, "Am I bitter?" The people said, "Master you are very sweet."

The people are often reticent about

telling the stories of the ancients before foreigners, but they are always ready to tell the animal stories. The Shullas live very close to nature, and they have observed the actions of the animals, and have put words in their mouths to suit the actions. In the stories the animals live just as people do. They act and think as men. They deceive, and are deceived in turn. In their stories the rabbit and fox are usually clever, while the poor old hyena is always a fool. The other animals are sometimes wise, and at other times are foolish.

In the following story the rabbit is the hero, and he leads many other animals astray.

The rabbit had a field, and he went to the fox saying, "Friend, help me to hoe my field." The fox assented, but added, "Do not call the dog." The rabbit went to the dog next saying, "Friend, help me hoe my field." The dog assented, but added, "Do not call the hyena." He then went to the hyena saying, "Cousin, help me to hoe my field. The hyena promised, but said, "Do not call the lion." The rabbit then went to the lion saying, "Cousin help me to hoe my field." The lion made an unconditional promise. The rabbit then went to the rat, and said, "Rat, help me to hoe my field." The rat assented, but said, "Do not call the cat." The rabbit then went to the cat saying, "Friend, help me to hoe my field." The cat made an unconditional promise, for the cat and lion were kings.

The fox arrived first, and was helping the rabbit to hoe when they saw the dog coming. The fox said, "Rabbit, I said do not invite the dog." The rabbit replied, "I did not invite him." The fox said, "What shall I do?" The rabbit replied, "Go hide in my porch." The fox went to hide, and the dog began

to hoe. Soon the dog noticed the place where the fox had been hoeing, and said, "Rabbit, who hoed this place?" The rabbit replied that it was the fox. The dog said, "Where did he go?" The rabbit replied, "He went into my porch." The dog ran in and killed the fox. The rabbit said, "Dog, eat the fox, but give me his head." The dog ate the fox, and gave the head to the rabbit. They returned to hoeing, but soon they saw the hyena coming and then the same scene was repeated with the dog as the victim, and the hyena as victor, and the hyena in turn was killed by the lion, and the lion and rabbit hoed. They were joined by the mouse, but soon the cat came, and killed the mouse as the dog had killed the fox. Then the lion, cat and rabbit finished hoeing the field. The rabbit did not have to give his helpers any wages, because he had supplied them with food.

In their stories the lion often assumes human form, then coming to a village he entices some of the people from the town, then assuming his real form he falls on them and kills them.

The Shullas like to sing, and while working they often improvise songs. A man skilled in making songs can receive good wages for composing songs about the rich; they like to hear their names mentioned in songs of praise.

They like to tell riddles. One of the party says, I am proposing a riddle now. He then gives the riddle. If the one to whom it is told guesses it, he in turn proposes a riddle. If he is not able to answer the riddle he must pay a forfeit. The usual forfeit is to say they have given a village to the other.

Two of their riddles follow: The loaves of God are two. Answer: Heaven and Earth. The white ox that silvers the earth. Answer: The moon.

They are a primitive people, their horizon being bounded by the confines of their own country. Of the great world movements they know nothing. They are ignorant of the gospel message. Truly they sit in darkness.

The Shullas possess the qualities, and have the natural abilities which if developed would make a great and prosperous people of them. They sit in

darkness waiting for the light. When the light shines into their lives they will go forward to great achievements both in the natural world, and in the spiritual world. May they soon hear the Saviour's voice calling them into the light, and may they accept His offer, is the prayer of the missionaries, and may it become your prayer through the year to come.

JUST WHAT IS BEING DONE FOR CHRIST IN THE NORTHERN SUDAN IN OUR OWN AND OTHER MISSIONS.

BY ELSIE E. GROVE, KHARTUM NORTH, SUDAN.

WHO KNOWS the power of the personal touch? Who can estimate the value of personal influence in leading souls to Christ? Who can tell us how great is the influence of the Christian home and family in reaching those who are far from their heavenly home? If you can answer me these questions; if you can tell me how great and how far reaching may be the personal touch and the daily contact of one completely surrendered to his Master with the unsaved one in breaking down his prejudices and in opening the way for the entrance of the Light into his heart; if you can tell me how much a little child in a Christian home can do in its childish way in opening the hearts of those who come into that home from time to time; I say, if you can tell me these things I will endeavor to tell you just what is being done for Christ in the Northern Sudan, otherwise, I shall be compelled to tell you only of the agencies employed by our own and other missions in the work of the Master in this needy field.

The missions working in this part of the Sudan are the Church Missionary

Society and our own Mission; I might also in a casual way mention the Catholic Mission established by the Austrians whose work this last year has been much hindered because of lack of funds, they have had a Girls' Boarding School in both Khartum and Omdurman, but this last year they have had to close the school in Omdurman; as a result of this a few of their girls came to our Girls' School in Khartum North.

The Church Missionary Society and our Mission have always tried to work together in such a way as not to overlap in the work, for instance if the C. M. S. (Church Missionary Society) have a girls' school in a certain town we would not open a girls' school in that town, but we might open a boys' school. If we have medical work in a certain station they will not send a doctor to that place, but will rather begin work in some place where there is no such work.

The C. M. S. has work in the following stations: Khartum, Omdurman, Wad Medani, and Atbara. In Khartum they have a very good Girls' Day School where the Bible is taught daily as it is

in all of the mission schools. In Omdurman they have a Girls' Day School and a good up-to-date hospital where a goodly number of patients from all parts of the Sudan are cared for while at the same time they are taught something of the way of Life. During this last year they have had two trained nurses and as the hospital is just newly established and the people are only learning to appreciate its value, one of these nurses who has a good workable use of the language was given time for "harem" work. In Wad Medani and Atbara they have Girls' Day Schools which are doing very good work. It is understood, of course, that the missionaries in charge of all these schools visit in the homes of the girls as frequently as the pressing duties of the school work will permit and no one can estimate the good that can be done by such visiting.

Our mission has work in the following stations: Khartum, Omdurman, Khartum North, Atbara, and Wadi Halfa. In Khartum we have a Boys' School in connection with our Boys' Home. In this school during the past year we have had over a hundred boys. Our Boys' Home furnishes a good Christian home for thirty-five boys and eternity alone can tell the good that this home is doing for the Sudanese boys.

You cannot even conceive of the depths of sin found in some, yes, I should say in very many of the native homes. Homes we must of necessity call them, yet one cannot do so without feeling that it is a desecration of our sacred word *home*; dens of iniquity we might more correctly call them; and to transplant a small boy from an atmosphere like this to a Christian home in many cases is his only salvation. Would that we could surround all with

such a Christian atmosphere as this Home provides.

In Omdurman a Boys' Day School has been doing good work and that quite close to a large government school. In this school a Sabbath School has been conducted for the boys which has been well attended and quite frequently some Moslem boys after being dismissed from the government school would come in in time for part of the lesson. Preaching services are conducted in two places in this town mostly by the language teacher of the missionaries. He has hunted up a great many who were formerly Christians but were forced to become Mohammedans during the time of the Mahdi, and has brought a number of these into the meetings. He has also done much in the way of distributing tracts and leaflets to passengers on the trams and ferries as well as point some of these to the way of Life.

In Khartum North is the Girls' Boarding and Day School where during the last year sixty girls found a home, while ninety or one hundred day girls gathered in the school where all without exception had a Bible lesson each day; at least half of these girls were Moslems. Here there is a preaching service every Sabbath morning and Sabbath School in the afternoon, each of these services having an average attendance of over one hundred. It is in this station that we seem to get nearest to the real Sudanese. More of the Sudanese men and women attend the service here than in any of the ten other places in which services are conducted. A women's meeting has been started and promises to do well. May the day not be far distant when we shall have harem workers or Bible women for this needy town; the women are glad to welcome us to their homes.

In Atbara we have a Boys' Day School and in Wadi Halfa a Girls' Day School.

The Synod of the Nile which works with or is a part of our American Mission in Egypt sends workers to the Sudan; they now have three evangelistic men working in the three stations, Khartum, Wadi Halfa, and Port Sudan.

There is a thriving congregation in Khartum and under the leadership of a live-evangelistic man they are doing a good work. The pastor in Port Sudan has started a Girls' School and very encouraging reports come to us of his work in this station. There are a number of church members in Atbara and a regular service is kept up though there is no evangelistic man there.

In considering what is being done for Christ in this field we should not forget the work of the American and the British and Foreign Bible Societies. The American Bible Society has a colporteur working in Wad Medani, and during this last year they had another who went around to different stations selling and giving the Scriptures or portions of them. The British and Foreign Bible Society have two men working in the Sudan, one of whom during this

present year visited the towns along the White Nile going as far south as Taufakia distributing portions of Scripture as he went and talking to the people.

What must be the result of all this seed sowing by missionaries, teachers, evangelistic workers, colporteurs, and native Christians? Our Lord, Himself, makes answer: "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall My Word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Our hearts are filled with thanksgiving when we think of the goodly number who have heard the Word and are being taught the Word, but again we are saddened when we behold the great multitudes "having no hope and without God in the world," and we can but sum it up by saying, "there remaineth yet *very much* land to be possessed."

FIVE YEARS IN THE GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL AT KHARTUM NORTH.

BY FANNIE G. BRADFORD.

LET US change our subject to "Seven Years in the Girls' Boarding School, Khartum North." Then let us look beyond that to the very beginning of the work. The first missionaries in the Northern Sudan soon saw the crying need of a Christian Home for the boys and girls of this Godless

country. The need of the girls was presented to our Women's Board. At the same time Mrs. Giffen began gathering in little girls. Land was secured and building plans sent home for the approval of the Board. The funds were to be raised by the Juniors and well do I remember the offerings of the little

people of our church and the mingled joy and prayers over the purchasing power in brick and tile of their small coins day by day.

Miss Hanna McLean, the first unmarried lady missionary to the Sudan, was appointed in 1906. I came the year following and we both worked hard at Arabic.

Building moves slowly in this land and delays were frequent. In August, 1908, eight rooms of the building were almost finished and with the girls Mrs. Giffen had gathered as a nucleus we entered the new school. An old black woman known as "Aunt Miriam" was, after much urging, persuaded to act as cook and "house mother" adding dignity to the establishment for in those days it was hardly the "correct thing" for two unmarried ladies to live alone in an African town. How vividly I remember unpacking our first set of dishes and the first attempt at giving orders to a cook—and then the yard or "compound" as we call it. One desert shrub was the only greenery. There were piles of sand, brick and lumber, for the main building was not above the foundation. There were deep holes here and there for mortar pits, and confusion every where. A competent Syrian woman was secured as teacher and school opened in September, 1908. There were ten boarders that first year and forty day girls.

Step by step the work has grown and our friends and helpers have been many. Mr. Sowash superintended the building; the mission doctors have treated the children; Dr. Giffen has helped in countless ways; Mrs. Giffen not only gave us motherly council but with ever ready needle and shears she helped to keep our small family in clothing; from time to time the missionaries at Doleib

Hill sent fruit and vegetables; Egyptian and Sudanese friends have helped by their appreciation and by their willingness to trust their children to our care; some of the British community have taken a kindly interest in our work; an officer has paid tuition and boarding fees for four Sudanese girls whose fathers work in his department; another gave money for prizes and the government doctor in Khartum has given our girls excellent care. Only the heavenly Father knows the great number of those in the home-land who have helped by their gifts, their sympathetic interest and their prayers.

The seventh year of school work closed June 24, 1915. During that time there have been 235 day pupils, 126 boarders, 7 teachers and 6 lady missionaries connected with the school. The eight small rooms which first served as residence, dormitory church and school are now used for dining rooms, a school room and teachers' rooms. The Rose Harden Chapel is in the center of a two-story building of sixteen rooms. About 150 men, women and children gather weekly for Church and Sabbath School. The mid-week preaching service is well attended as is also the women's prayer meeting which was re-commenced by Miss Thompson in January of this year. The ten boarders have grown to sixty. Two of these, Saieda and Amna, have been with us from the first. The average attendance of day pupils this past year was eighty. About twenty-five were refused for lack of room and because there was no teacher for them.

And then the garden: The lime pits have been filled; the sand piles leveled; shade and fruit trees have been planted and a small grass plot in front of the house is a most restful place on hot afternoons. A grass tennis court has

been attempted, but is hardly a success, for as one puts it, "the grass has a 'jaundiced look.'"

We have a well equipped building, a competent teaching staff and three lady missionaries on the field. It is said to be the largest and best girls' school in the Sudan.

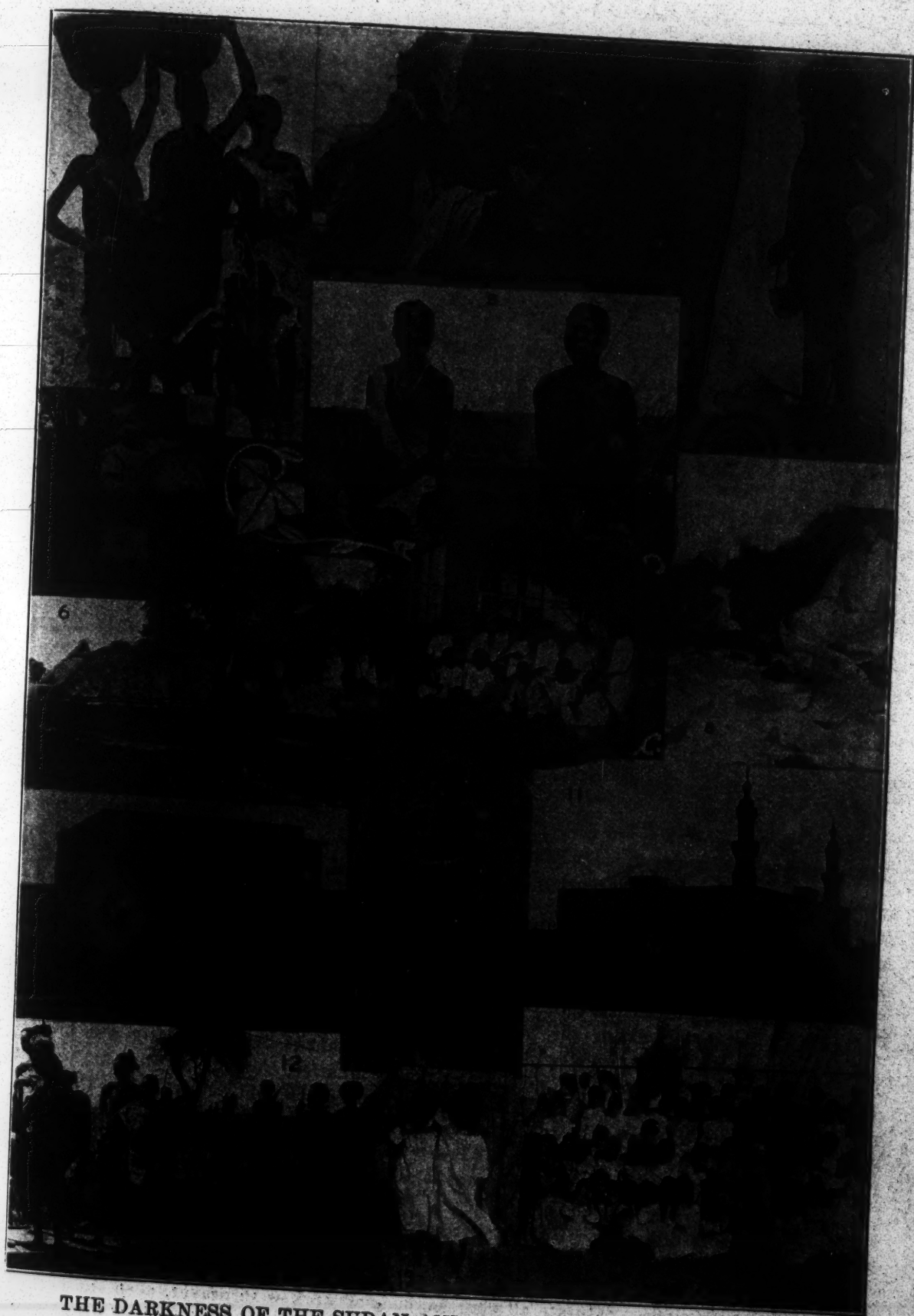
So much remains undone. There are hundreds of little girls in this one town not yet in school. Many of our girls have married or at twelve are considered "too old" to go to school and nothing is being done to keep in touch with them. There is much illness, yet there is no one to visit the sick. Women are eager to learn to read and there is no one to teach them. We have accepted the children who come to us—most of them at least. We welcome the people who come to church but no one goes out into the highways and hedges. Why, do you ask? It is not because we are not eager to do it but because there is a limit to human strength. A long walk from one village to another; half a dozen calls beside the routine of school work; and one is exhausted mentally and physically, and an exhausted body does not build up readily in a land where the thermometer hovers in the nineties for about twelve months in the year.

Only one Moslem girl has been baptized. Five Coptic girls have united with the church. Many really believe, but a Moslem girl cannot be baptized without her parents' permission before she is of age and she is usually married long before that. Sometimes the girls' growth in grace seems slow. They do not leave the old ways readily, but is it

fair to expect high standards in seven years from children whose parents have been steeped in sin for centuries. Girls in Christian America are sometimes untruthful, dishonest, and disrespectful to their elders. I have even known American girls careless enough to forget the salt or the spoons when setting the table and so I try to be patient with the girl who forgets. She probably never saw a spoon, or a table or a salt cellar until she came to school. Our girls know more of the Bible than the average American school girl, but the head knowledge has not become heart knowledge. Our girls can sew and clean and wash and iron. They know little as yet about cooking.

The past year in some ways has been a trying one. Our Syrian teachers have been entirely cut off from their people. They have taught faithfully, but the joy and the love seem lacking and this has reacted on the girls. Both missionaries and teachers need an inexhaustible supply of patience. We need the love that sees when to speak, how to speak and that always speaks kindly. We need the love that is blind to the many irritating things that are apt to look so big. We need you, dear friends, to help us by your prayer life day by day.

Seven years of work in Girls' Boarding School, Khartum North is ended. The record of the work is with Him. Let us labor together that the next seven years may see a revived town and hundreds brought into the kingdom through the influence of the school. "Hitherto ye have asked nothing. Ask and ye shall receive."



THE DARKNESS OF THE SUDAN AND THE LIGHT THAT IS BREAKING
FOR EXPLANATION SEE OTHER SIDE

EXPLANATION OF PICTURES ON PRECEDING PAGE.

1. Shulluk girls, White Nile. The Shulla girls are very fond of beads and there are certain fads and styles which are closely followed.
2. These women are grouped in front of their mud-walled houses.
3. Young girl, Omdurman. This is the ordinary costume of the Sudanese girls. The fringe or "rahat" is made of leather.
4. Robert Tidrick in front of a Doleib palm tree at Doleib Hill.
5. Shulluk women, Tonga.
6. American Mission, Upper Nile. This little church which would be crowded by fifty occupants is the only church within a radius of 500 miles. "How shall these people hear without a preacher and how shall they preach except they be sent?" Building in fore-ground—the church at Doleib Hill.
7. Boys under the care of Dr. and Mrs. Giffin in Khartum.
8. A picnic breakfast among the bean vines on the banks of the Blue Nile on "Shem-a-na-seem" morning. This word means "Smelling the Breeze."
9. American Mission. Girls' Day and Boarding School, Khartum North, Sudan. October, 1912.
10. A Shulluk mother and child. Malakal.
11. The Mosque, Khartum.
12. Shulluks and Arabs near Renk.
13. The two youngest boarders at Khartum North, (1910).
14. American Mission, Girls' Day and Boarding School, Khartum North, Sudan.

Use me, my God, in Thy great harvest field,
Which stretcheth far and wide, like a wide sea;
The gatherers are so few, I fear the precious yield
Will suffer loss. Oh, find a place for me!

A place where best the strength I have will tell;
It may be one the other toilers shun;
Be it a wide or narrow place, 'tis well,
So that the work it holds be only done.

It is no light thing to carry the Cross—that symbol of burning love and supreme self-sacrifice—into a world which is partly hostile, partly indifferent, while tares spring up amidst the wheat within the enclosed ground of Christendom, and the fire of missionary enthusiasm burns low upon the very altar of many a church. No, the experience of centuries has taught us that this work requires our best.

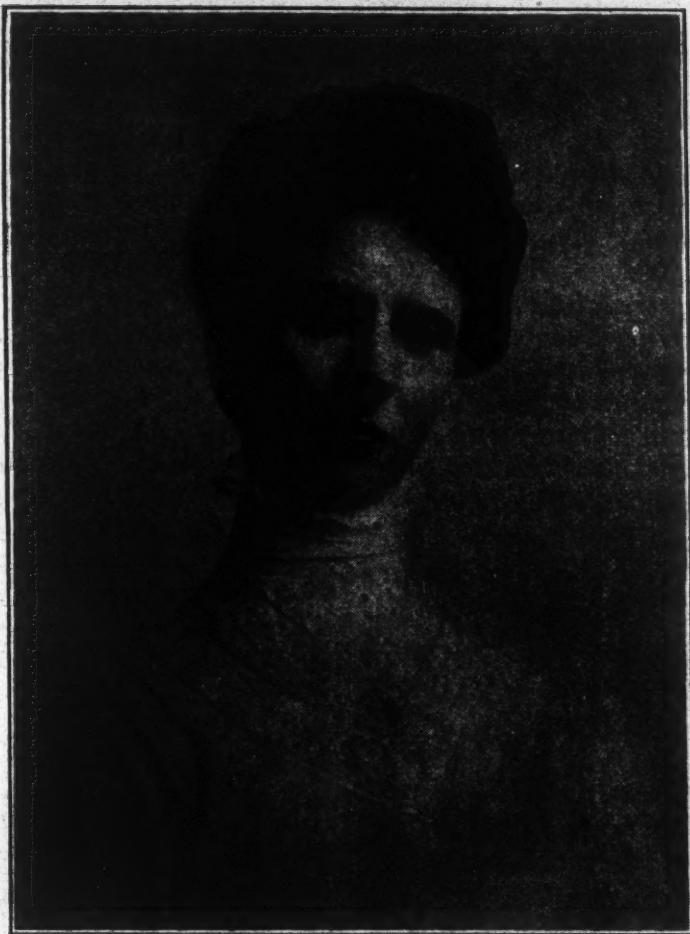
My readers, dare we move the Cross forward unless we are prepared to surround it with passionate devotion, burning zeal, whole-hearted enthusiasm, costly self-sacrifice? Must we for always break the spirit of our missionaries by retrenching their work, cutting down their estimates, casting the burden of the maintenance of missionary institutions upon their personal efforts, keeping their stations undermanned until man after man breaks down; while all the time they see us clinging to our luxuries, our amusements, our useless and trivial spendings, the scale of living in Christian circles continually rising, the very church's expenditure on church and luxuries of Christian worship constantly increasing? All experience goes to show that when our hearts lose the glow, our minds the simplicity of faith, our lives spirituality of tone, then our missionary efforts languish and become uninspiring * * * Put prayer into the central place; believe in it absolutely; depend on it practically; practice it diligently. Give prayer its due proportion of your time; give it the place in your work assigned to it by God. Kneel before God until the fire of the spirit of missions burns in your heart; then rise and band together your most earnest people into a missionary prayer circle. Saturate all your methods of work with prayer, keep church life and church work as spiritual as possible; bring everything in life and parish as directly as possible into touch with God.

Whatever else we do, let us more than ever pray. Let us pray more.

—Condensed from "The place of prayer in life and work" article from C. M. Review.

TRIBUTE TO MRS. A. W. POLLOCK.

BY FELLOW MISSIONARIES.



MRS. A. W. POLLOCK

We had planned for this month to have our Egypt Missionary Correspondence Department devoted to news of the work on the "Allegheny," the mission evangelistic medical boat in the Delta. Both Dr. and Mrs. Pollock were to have written of their work, but now since Mrs. Pollock has been called home to God we thought it fitting to glean from the many tributes which have come from all over Egypt to her sweet, useful, wonderful life. As one said in a private letter, "It is beautiful to think that there are so many who have been touched by this life which was so short and yet so full." Mrs. Pollock, with her husband, Dr. Pollock, came to Egypt in 1902. She gave thirteen years of devoted service to Egypt.

Shortly before her departure to be with Christ I had the rare privilege of spending fifteen days on the "Alle-

gheny," sharing with Mrs. Pollock in the evangelistic work. I wish for more space to tell all about it. I would like to tell about the love and admiration the people in the villages gave her, how they called her "Princess," how they loved to sit at her feet and watch her beautiful face as she read and explained to them the Scriptures, how the children loved her, often bringing to her their rude playthings for her to see. They just seemed to want to see her smile at them.

During the forenoons the two tents on the shore were lively places. In one tent Dr. Pollock held his daily clinic. In the other Mrs. Pollock carried on the Evangelist work, teaching the waiting patients. The fifteen days I was with them she gave her forenoon tent work over to me as she wished to remain on the deck of the "Allegheny" to deal

with several individual souls whom she had brought into newness of life. She spent hours with these humble inquirers, teaching them the Word and praying with them.

In the afternoons we together generally visited one of the many nearby villages, going from house to house. We often divided forces and were thus able to reach many more. "They may never have another chance to hear," Mrs. Pollock would say whenever the heat or the long walk inclined us to leave out some of the villages a bit farther away. Her supreme devotion to her Lord in the service of soul saving seemed to keep her delicate body from ever becoming weary. Her enthusiasm was an inspiration to all who have ever been associated with her, and her mature spirituality has shed an influence which is a very real heritage to her devoted husband and to us all who have known and loved her as a friend and fellow worker.

She loved her work, she loved the people among whom she worked, she loved the villages, dirty though they were, and she so dainty as to everything about herself in her person and her home. Speaking of her home, God was much honored there. There was always much conversation about God and Christ and the Kingdom and heaven at the table, around the reading lamp in the evening, with the ordinary chance visitor or caller, with the fellow workers enjoying the hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Pollock's beautiful home life and atmosphere. One evening as we were crossing the broad canal in the little row boat on our way back to the "Allegheny" after an afternoon in a village, she said, "The 'Allegheny,' our little home. I love it."

We give thanks to God always for this beautiful life that has been lived among us, for her work of faith and labor of love and steadfastness of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ and His return in glory.

MINNEHAHA FINNEY,
Editor.

MRS. POLLOCK'S FIRST YEARS IN EGYPT.

The first four years of Mrs. Pollock's mission life were spent in Assiut and are a happy memory to those who were associated with her. Her sunny disposition made her a blessing to all. Her merry laugh "did good like a medicine," while her sweet songs kept many a new worker from getting homesick and cheered us all on our way.

In those early days she taught some classes in the College. Her bright enthusiasm was contagious and the students loved to work for "Litta Bullock." It was her custom to devote one period each week to an informal talk on religious and ethical subjects, and when later she taught in the Pressley Memorial Institute the girls begged her to give them a weekly "sermon" too. These sermons, as the girls always called them, were an important feature of Mrs. Pollock's teaching and are still bringing forth fruit in many of the newer homes of Egypt.

In Mrs. Pollock's life there seemed to be no insurmountable difficulties. Her efforts to master Arabic were marked by energy and prayer. From the beginning she was impatient for the time when she could tell the Gospel message in the homes. This impatience was most manifest when in homes of mourning she was unable to speak words of comfort. But this condition did not continue long for in a surprisingly short time she was able to make herself understood, and her words gave no uncertain sound as she reproved so-called Christians for mourning as those who had no hope and gently led those who knew not the love of Christ to see in Him their Saviour and their Comforter. Consecrated Christian boldness mingled with a gentle loving sympathy marked her service as she gradually spent more and more time in the homes.

Feeling that some of our Egyptian sisters were living too much to self, she organized a sewing circle which met in her own home. She was thus the means of quickening, and in some cases creating, an interest not only in the temporal needs, but also in the spiritual needs of

the poor in their midst. Another of the activities of her Assiut days was in connection with the Christian Endeavor Society for young men. This Society did a very important service for the young men of Assiut under the leadership of Dr. and Mrs. Pollock. Their home was ever open to these young men as they came for counsel and advice.

No one appreciated more fully than did dear Mrs. Pollock the joy of having a home and when some three years after coming to Egypt they were settled in their cozy residence in the hospital at Assiut, Egyptian and foreign workers shared in the hospitality of that home. The memory of it makes one realize a little of what it meant to her later to leave all these things for the simple camp-life on the "Allegheny." But this was among the "all things" that she had learned to "count but loss"—not depreciating the place the home has in showing forth the gospel of Christ in a Christless land, but cheerfully accepting the fact that there are some forms of service that require the sacrifice of even this. Paul's words can very fittingly be applied to her, where he says, "When it pleased God, Who called me by His grace, to reveal His Son in me, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood, but I went away into Arabia"—into the dark, dark parts of Egypt.

God grant to us all the same spirit of obedience.

RUTH A. WORK.

**A MONTH ON THE "ALLEGHENY"
WITH MRS. POLLOCK.**

By Mary M. Pattison.

Dear Friends:—

To describe the work of the "Allegheny" out of so brief an experience of it as I have had, seems presumptuous. It is my hope, however, that you may receive a few impressions of the needs and opportunities for work there, meanwhile I give you just a glimpse of the daily life and labor—yes, and of the fruit, too, of the life of Mrs. Pollock who has so lately been taken from us to the enjoyment of her great reward. Personally, I can not but feel that it was

a purposeful as well as a gracious Providence that gave me the enjoyment and the inspiration of a month of such close fellowship with her in the last days of her singularly beautiful and fruitful life. In her going the work here as well as those of us who knew and loved her have suffered immense loss, but it seems so evident now in looking back, that in her last days she was just ripening for the fuller life in glory with her Master, that one almost wonders why we were so shocked when the summons came. Her untiring diligence in seeking souls to be won for her Lord, her power in Bible teaching and in prayer will continue to be an inspiration to me throughout my missionary experience and I hope that, if I am able to give you just a little picture of her life, it may help you, too.

From Zifta we set out, early in March, on the spring tour of the "Allegheny." Navigation of the canals of the Delta is not the simple matter that one might suppose it to be. That the boat has not suffered more of accident and of damage from the combination of high winds, locks and bridges is directly due to the heavenly Father's care. For the "Allegheny" is a bit top-heavy and we do have winds in Egypt! Here is a bit from a letter of Mrs. Pollock's written soon after I left them. "Our work goes on much the same, but not quite so strenuously yet as at B—. But the same faith and patience are required. The tents are full of "in-patients" and we have had wonderful opportunities with them. Sister Dorcas takes them in the morning and I in the afternoon after we come in from calling. Not a Copt in this place, but we had a cordial welcome in the Jewish home and Sister Dorcas and I want to go to some villages near by as soon as she feels strong enough. We had an awful night last night. There was a terrific wind that blew a 'life preserver' (?) off the side of the boat about midnight. Mursey was equal to the occasion and dived after it and gave us all a fright. The canvass made so much noise we couldn't get to sleep; then about one o'clock the rope broke that held the spar in place and it swung around under the boat. That

pushed the boat right up against the bank. The whole crew got out then, but the wind was too much for them and they couldn't push the boat out. So we hugged the bank with bushes sticking in our windows until day light when the wind dropped. Poor Sister Dorcas got almost no sleep and the rest of us not much more. The poor souls in the tents sat up most of the night holding the tent poles to keep them from blowing over."

Two days were consumed, not so much in travelling as in waiting for bridges to open, before we reached B— where most of my month on the boat was spent. It was planned to stay about a fortnight but Dr. Pollock's clinic was so large and all the work so much and so promising that the time was extended beyond that which is usual. The town is largely Coptic, although, like most of the towns of the Delta, with a large proportion of Moslems. And the Copts of the Delta do need the gospel! There is little indeed to choose between them and their Moslem neighbors in point of character or enlightenment. One hears of encouraging signs of the death of bigotry in the south country, but not here. To a certain extent B— seemed the bright exception to the rule. At first, teaching of both men and women in the homes and in the church was not opposed. The custom in the churches is as it doubtless was in the synagogues of Palestine in our Saviour's time on earth. Almost anyone may take the Scriptures and, opening them, teach the people. But what usually happens, happened there eventually. When the Spirit's work became manifest, Satan, too, became more active and persecutions arose.

Another point in which B— proved to be an encouraging field was that there is located there one of our mission schools—a very primary one, to be sure—and that it had been taken charge of a few months before by a young man who was not only ready but eager to be used by the Spirit to help the people among whom he had been placed. So with a full clinic and so lots of people

coming to the boat, and with a welcome in the homes and church, the work started off prosperously. The daily program soon settled down to something like this: After breakfast and prayers, the doctor set to work on deck putting up medicines and otherwise preparing to meet the clinic which even at that early hour was somewhat clamorously awaiting his appearance at the tent on the bank. All too often, too, there was no one to assist in the Bible reading and teaching and the double task of ministering to both body and soul pressed heavily at times. After a time spent in her room in prayer and preparation, Mrs. Pollock went out to the tent in which the women waited their turn to see the doctor. She spent about two hours with them each morning, except when I mustered up courage to try my feeble Arabic and take a turn. Most of those who came were poor, simple souls. One of the first days I tried to talk with them, there was one who insisted on having her fortune told! Distrusting my own understanding of her repeated request, at last I called Mrs. Pollock and I shall never forget the love in her voice as she said, "Yes, my sister, I will tell you your fortune and it is very important." And she read and explained to her so simply Romans 10:9. Sometimes it seemed quite hopeless to make them understand, but I never saw Mrs. Pollock lose faith in the power of the Word to find its way into the darkest mind. Only in the day when all things shall be plain shall we know how many really understood and accepted the truth.

Just after we moved from B— I left the boat, and only a few weeks later Mrs. Pollock was taken from us so suddenly that some of us can scarcely realize that she is gone. For her it is all glorious gain, but we miss her sadly. Pray for us and for her many, many spiritual children throughout this country who so miss her counsel and prayers. Pray that her life may yet speak through them.

EDITORIAL.

AN OCEAN TRAGEDY AVERTED.

Our church has barely escaped an awful tragedy. Only the quick arrival of the "Tuscania," prevented a catastrophe that would have buried the entire United Presbyterian Church in grief. The missionaries that left New York for Egypt September 15 were hopeful of safe passage to their chosen mission field. Sabbath day without any warning they were made to escape in life boats because their steamer "Athinai" was on fire.

Passengers have told thrilling stories of their experience. We have great reason to acknowledge God's care of this company of missionaries in this tragedy at sea. It is of small importance, in comparison to their marvelous escape, that they have lost all their baggage. But missionaries are not generally provided with excess of wardrobe material nor equipment for mission life and it is all lost to them. We do less than nothing if we allow our missionaries to suffer the entire loss in this experience. The party have arrived at New York and we doubt not there will be safe and comfortable provision made for their future plans. As we go to press we are thankful to know that they are all safe. We have great reason for thanksgiving that in the midst of world sorrow we have been spared the awful tragedy threatened.

* * *

October has been chosen as the month for the ingathering of *Thank-Offerings*! This year it is of great importance and every woman who enjoys the peace of America should carry a special thanksgiving in her offering.

We need not to be told of the horror and suffering of world conditions today, to be impressed of the tragedy of war—no words anyhow can convey the losses and the bereavement and the needless sacrifices that are being experienced in the nations that are at war today. Our privilege and our business as women in a land of plenty and peace is to do the duty imposed upon us. And it is more lofty in its privilege than in its duty.

Duty does not always have the ecstasy of joy in doing that privilege has—and we would rather think of the *Thank-Offering* season with delight—with expectation, with privilege.

Oh, what would we not give to escape the awful tragedies now going on in the world if we were compelled to make a choice!

All the pity in the world does not remove the madness of this world war. If we can go up to the house of God carrying the year's *Thank-Offering* as a token of our gratitude for peace and plenty we are the most highly favored of all the women in the world.

Tireless and devoted interest has been shown month by month through the *Thank-Offering* pages of this periodical. The *Thank-Offering* Secretary has no reward greater than to see the women of the United Presbyterian Church increase in their love and offerings.

Like a summer shower the offerings will fall upon the altar this month and when the *Thank-Offering* of 1915 is counted may it be the expression of greater love and privilege than ever in the past.

Our gifts are essential but our loving appreciation of the privilege we have in making this offering exceeds all we can hope to give, and appreciating that fact there must be a great sum to be counted when the Thank-Offering of this year is received. May it be so!

* * *

It is almost impossible to keep pace with changing conditions and new opportunities unless one is constantly in touch with the progress of the Kingdom throughout the world. The hour in which we live makes it imperative that we study worldwide conditions. The study of missions is the only possible way to keep in touch with world progress. No other literature is so authentic. Missionaries do not write from sinister or sensational motives. The missionary has no other purpose than to represent the true progress of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. Where any other motive creeps in the influence and usefulness of that person is soon swept away, and only is it possible to hold to the usefulness of that special calling as the truth and unselfish purpose is manifest.

There are increasing opportunities to become intelligent, enthusiastic students of missions. We enter upon another year of mission study in missionary societies, few women in proportion to the church membership assume any responsibility in the course of mission study provided in our Missionary Magazine.

The desire to know more about our own and other missionary operations in the world is increasing, we believe, but not the proportion that should, are reading. The study of Christian missions is obligatory upon all professing Christians. How to impress the church membership, men and women, of this obligation is the constant and ever recurring

problem to those who are and continue to be interested in worldwide missions.

If self pleasure and release from duty is the prevalent reason, will we be less responsible when grave and serious problems come to us? We are reading that more people in the war zones are asking about and asking for the Bible than ever before. Are we waiting for a tragedy in our national life to make us feel serious about the affairs of the Kingdom? Does any woman, or man either, think that it is optional and not obligatory to extend the Kingdom of Jesus Christ beyond his own door, and can we release our obligation by indifference—the twin sister of ignorance—the two forces so hindering the progress of the Kingdom?

* * *

There is an abundance of fruit in a radius of three hundred miles or more of Pittsburgh. There are three institutions at Pittsburgh under the care of the women of the United Presbyterian Church. We are all interested in the great work being done by the Women's Association. The least we can do is to help pack a barrel of fruit and send to one or more of the institutions needing it. Send and get a barrel of empty cans and do yourself and others much good! *Do not delay.*

* * *

Programs for use in missionary societies will be ready by October 10th. The prices are: 100, \$1.50; with 20 cents extra for postage. 50, \$1.00; with 10 cents extra for postage. 25, 75 cents; with 5 cents extra for postage. Send orders payable to The Women's Missionary Magazine, Xenia, Ohio.

* * *

It is the purpose of the Editorial Committee to publish a list of societies sending information that they have

fifty or more subscribers to the Women's Missionary Magazine. This list we will begin to publish in the December issue. Make a thorough canvas of your congregation and try to place a year's subscription in every family.

The successful effort of giving a good Magazine every month in the interest of our own and worldwide missions must be shared with every woman who tries to circulate the Women's Missionary Magazine. We need your interest. Let us all make an effort together.

* * *

"Say not, 'It matters not to me,
My brother's weal is his behoof.'
For in this wondrous human web,
If your life's warp, his life is woof."

"Woven together are the threads;
And you and he are in one loom,
For good or ill, for glad or sad,
Your lives must share one common doom."

* * *

THE CUP OF DEVILS.

Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachments, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives, widows; children, orphans; fathers, fiends; and all of them paupers and beggars.

It hails fevers, feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemic, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease, and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It condemns laws, spurns order, and loves mobs. It crowds your penitentiaries and

furnishes victims for your gallows. It is the life blood of the gambler, the ailment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwaymen, and the support of the midnight incendiary and assassin. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud, and honors infamy.

It defames benevolence, hates love, accuses virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his offspring, helps the husband to massacre the wife, and aids the child to grind the paracidal ax. It burns up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes votes, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions and endangers our government.

It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesmen, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and now, as with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations, still insatiate with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins reputations, wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruins.

It does all that and more—it *murders the soul*. It is the son of *villainies*, the father of *all crimes*, the mother of *abominations*, the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.

This indictment of the "Cup of devils," found in a petition to the Ohio's legislature in 1836, with 64 years of commentary upon it, will furnish the young people food for reflection, and material for temperance talks for one hour's service at least.

This is certainly a true picture of the monster Intemperance. It is certainly an arraignment of the license that allows the manufacture and retail of such infamy. It is of serious importance to the church membership and Christian citizenship of Ohio that the State free itself from this infamy and curse.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. H. C. Campbell, Secretary, 6410 Beacon St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

At our meeting, second Tuesday of September, our hearts were sad and at the same time full of joy. We are sad because the steamship "Athinai" which sailed from New York, September 15th with our happy missionary party on board had caught fire near Halifax, Nova Scotia, on Sabbath morning. We are glad that the wireless that called for help found a ready answer so that the "Tuscania" of the Anchor Line speedily steamed to their rescue and at four o'clock in the afternoon all the passengers and crew were safely rescued except one man who jumped over-board. Surely we are thankful the lives of our dear people have been saved. A wire from Dr. Hunt just received through the Foreign Board says, "Party all safe. Will arrive in New York on Wednesday, twenty-second!" An action was immediately taken on receipt of this telegram authorizing the Foreign Secretary to proceed at once to New York to meet the party with ample funds in her possession to be used for anything that might add to their comfort. We do not know positively but we are afraid that their trunks and boxes have been lost so that the gifts from friends and the outfit that had been planned for months and purchased at much sacrifice have all been lost.

An action was placed on the minutes of the Board which tells its own story. "Hereafter all baggage and freight of any kind for which the Women's Board is responsible shall be fully insured at the expense of our treasury."

We are glad and thankful that through almost sixty years of mission service this is the first serious accident that has befallen any party; yet God watched over them so that neither water nor flame did them harm.

The party for India is booked to sail on September 30th on the S. S. "Canopic." Pray that God may have these dear ones in his tender care and take them safely through every danger to the far off land, where eager and loving hearts are anxiously awaiting their arrival.

Cupid has again stricken another name from off the roll of our missionaries. Letters received in August tell the story of the contemplated marriage on October 1st of the Rev. E. E. Campbell of Sialkot District and Miss Anna M. Hamilton of Rawalpindi. We part with Miss Hamilton with regret and yet we are glad that there is to be another Christian home established in the Punjab. Our hearty congratulations and most loving wishes go out to the young couple. Miss Hamilton's name will not appear on our list, but Mrs. E. E. Campbell's name will give added luster to the list of the Foreign Board missionaries.

TANTA HOSPITAL.

Our hearts were very much cheered to receive a very inspiring letter enclosing a check for \$25.00 which the donor sent in response to appeal for Tanta Hospital in September Magazine. She refused to allow her name to be used and the donation is entered as from a "Friend." We are praying and looking for many more such gifts so that the doors of the Hospital may soon be opened to all who need its care, especially sick and wounded soldiers. A committee was appointed by the Women's Board at its meeting September 21st to put prices on the various rooms of the hospital so that they may be taken as memorials for departed friends or named in honor of those whom we loved while here on earth. Surely it is far better to put a loved name on the door of a hospital room than to carve it on marble or stone in some lonely cemetery. By gifts of this character one lays up for himself "treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust does corrupt" and at the same time honors the Master, Who said, "I was sick and ye visited Me" and Who also said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto Me."

If the spirit is whispering to you to send a gift for Tanta Hospital Building Fund, hear the still small voice, act upon its promptings and thereby show your love for the Master and for those for whom He died.

MRS. H. C. CAMPBELL.

THANK-OFFERING DEPARTMENT

EDITED BY MRS. MARY CLOKEY PORTER

2929 Taggart Street, North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Business Address, 905 Publication Building, Ninth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THANKFULNESS ENJOINED.

What saith the Scriptures?

Thou shalt rejoice before the Lord thy God in all that thou puttest thine hands unto. Deut. 12:18.

Thou shalt keep the feast unto the Lord thy God with a tribute of a free-will offering of thine hand, which thou shalt give unto the Lord thy God according as the Lord thy God hath blessed thee. Deut. 16:10.

Sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare His works with rejoicing. Psalm 107:22.

In the day of prosperity be joyful. Ecclesiastes 7:14.

Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him. Colossians 3:17.

In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you. I Thessalonians 5:18.

Resolve.

By Him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is the fruit of our lips giving thanks to His name. Hebrews 13:15.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

Believing that every reader of the Women's Missionary Magazine should know the contents of the "Open Letter"

mailed the latter part of August to the President of every missionary society whose name and address are given in 1915 Statistical Report, we append the thirteen questions propounded and some of the "Instructions" given:—

Dear Co-Workers:

The season for holding the Thank-Offering "Ingatherings" is near at hand. What have you done as individuals and societies since last "Ingathering" to make the harvest a success? Have you looked to God to direct you in your plans? Have you watered the good seed sown in form of literature and addresses, with your daily prayers? Have you kept before Women, Young Women and Junior Societies, the important place the Thank-Offering holds in the support of the Women's work of the church?

Have you put forth special prayerful effort to reach the members and adherents of your congregation who show little or no interest in expressing gratitude to God for His goodness to them through Thank-Offerings? Have you tried to interest the children in your Sabbath School in the pretty pink "Thank-You" boxes the Women's Board furnishes free of cost?

Have you tried to place the Women's and Juniors' Missionary Magazines in all your homes—so that the inmates may

know of the help the Thank-Offering gives to all departments of mission work under the care of the Women's Board?

Have you organized prayer circles to pray specially for the special work God has given into your care, and for which He holds you responsible?

Have you encouraged your workers by telling them that last year's offering of \$78,454.21, was the largest except the 25th Anniversary Offering of \$91,000 in 1912, that has been given in the twenty-seven years of the Thank-Offering Department of our women's work?

Have you told your Young Women's Society that \$11,243.77 of this amount came from them and 304 sister societies?

Have you made your dear Junior boys and girls "Polyanna glad" by telling them that they can claim \$7,445.54 of the whole as their part of the 1914 offering?

Have your plans been perfected whereby your 1915 "Ingathering" will be in every respect the most successful ever held?

Have you kept your last year's offering on the black board before your society, all through the year, and placed below it a larger sum as your aim for 1915?

If you have done all these things you may consistently ask God to give you success and He will bless your efforts abundantly. Test Him and keep watch for the result.

Extracts From "Instructions."

Plan to meet the expense of carrying on the Thank-Offering work in your congregation from the contingent fund of your societies, and never—no never—take it from your Thank-Offering.

Secure all the Senior and Junior Life Members possible (\$25.00 for the former and \$10.00 for the latter). This will help to enlarge your Thank-Offering, and do much toward interesting the donors—and in helping on the work of the Women's General Missionary Society.

Do not use your Thank-Offerings:—

(a). To meet congregational expenses.

(b). To make up congregational pledges to Church Boards.

(c). For church benevolences.

(d). For church or parsonage furnishings or for debt.

(e). For society pledges or contingent expenses.

(f). For any object—*however worthy it may be*—outside of the mission under the care of the Women's Board.

Please don't cripple the work your society is organized to support, by diverting your Thank-Offerings into any channel outside of that for which the women of the church are held responsible.

The Treasurer of the Women's Board—Mrs. J. B. Hill, 5845 Marlborough St., Pittsburgh, Pa., closes her books for the 1915 offering on January 1, 1916, hence your offerings should be in her hands—through your Presbyterial Treasurer—not later than the middle of December.

See that every family in your congregation is well supplied with Senior Thank-Offering boxes for the next year's offering and with the little pink Junior boxes where there are children.

Order all supplies from 905 Publication Building, Ninth St., Pittsburgh, Pa., and *not* from your Secretary's home address, 2929 Taggart Street, North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A BLESSED TIME.

No part of the year brings so much joy and rejoicing to the United Presbyterian Church, as do the Fall months when the congregational societies are busy preparing for and observing their Thank-Offering "Ingatherings" for missions.

How any one society can be willing to lose the blessings that result from such precious hours, by neglecting to hold an "Ingathering" is a mystery to those whose hearts are in this great movement.

How can any Christian woman who is enjoying the privileges of the gospel, fail to give to God gifts of gratitude?

How can any woman living in America today—the land of peace and plenty—whether she be a professing Christian or not, be happy, without proving her gratitude to God through offerings, that she is not called upon to give up a

father or brother or husband or son at the cruel call of war?

If there ever was a time when the Lord's treasury should overflow with tithes, free-will offerings and Thank-Offerings it is now—when the "God of nations" is giving "His angels charge over us" as a country.

Let us pray that our hearts may be aroused by the loyalty of the soldiers across the seas to their several countries—"to count no sacrifice as a hardship" for our Saviour and our King.

"SELF-DENIAL WEEK."

Every member of the 828 Women's; of the 304 Young Women's, and of the 420 Junior Societies should observe "Self-Denial Week."

When? For seven days before holding the Thank-Offering "Ingathering" this Fall.

How should it be observed? First, by prayer, asking God every morning to make plain to you what He would have you deny yourself that day for His cause. Second, by studying to know just what would be real self-denial to you as an individual—something you would feel deeply if you practised self-denial in giving it to the Lord.

Third. By resolving that your special self-denial gift should not be something that you cared little for; not a sum so small that you would never miss it; not a gift you would be ashamed to have your society know you gave; not one so far below what you ought to give that God would see no self-denial in it.

What should "Self-Denial Week" do? To the total Thank-Offering it should add so largely as to make the 1915 Thank-Offering count \$100,000 at least. If the membership of the 1616 societies would average but the small sum of \$1.00 per member to the "Self-Denial Fund" it would add \$45,652 to the regular offering.

Can we do it? Yes! and far, far more! Will we do it? Jesus is waiting to hear the answer. What shall it be? What will God write down in His "book of remembrance" against the name of each member of our missionary societies during these Fall months?

What should "Self-Denial Week" do? For the cause of missions, it should "lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes" all along the line in the Home, Indian, Freedmen and Parsonage work in the home-land, and the educational, evangelistic and medical work in India, Egypt and the Sudan, all under the care of the Women's General Missionary Society.

What should "Self-Denial Week" do?

For those who practice *real self-denial* it will bring rich blessings—blessings from knowing that through it, they are hastening the coming of the time when "every knee shall bow in worship before the one true God" and "when every tongue shall confess Christ to be the King of kings and Lord of lords"—blessings from having the assurance that they have thus laid up treasures where "moth cannot corrupt nor thieves break through nor steal."

What could "Self-Denial Week" do?

To the promoters of the Thank-Offering movement, it would bring joy that the members of the societies were quick and hearty to respond to their outlined plans for adding to the Lord's treasury, and give encouragement for future effort.

Lesson: No one ever practiced genuine self-denial for the Lord's sake, without receiving in return a rich reward.

Important Notice.

Every society that observes "Self-Denial Week" is earnestly requested to notify the General Secretary, 2929 Taggart St., North Side, Pittsburgh, Pa., as soon as the "Ingathering" is over and all the gifts are paid into the society treasury; giving the amount contributed over the 1914 offering if possible.

A list will be given in the Missionary Magazine from time to time, of those societies that send in reports.

SOME THINGS MISSIONS HAVE DONE.

Missions have made the name of Christ the best known name in the world.

They are proclaiming the gospel in over 10,000 different places.

They have planted the church of Christ in the leading foreign lands, with

a Protestant membership of over 2,644,170.

They have created a great system of Christian schools and colleges, having a present enrollment of over a million and a half of pupils.

They have stimulated the governments of the leading nations of the East to establish educational systems of their own.

They have introduced modern medicine, surgery and sanitation into the darkest quarters of the globe by means of 675 hospitals and 963 dispensaries.

They have been the principal agents of relief in famines and have made scientific investigation of the causes which lie at their root.

They have taught people habits of cleanliness and the laws of health, thus lessening the spread of plague and pestilence.

They have upheld the idea of the dignity of labor among those who regard toil as menial.

They have established a multitude of trade schools in which development of Christian character keeps pace with growth in manual skill.

They have helped to abolish human slavery and shown the Christian way of caring for the aged, orphans, blind, deaf mutes, insane and lepers.

They have lifted women from a condition of unspeakable degradation and trained a new generation of Christian mothers, wives and daughters, who are making homes and introducing new ideals of social life.

They have translated the entire Bible, or portions of Scriptures into 500 languages and dialects, distributing, last year alone, 9,272,221 copies.

They have reduced many strange tongues to writing and have created a literature for whole races, producing annually a vast amount of good reading in the shape of books, and papers for all ages.

They have transformed the people of the Fiji Islands, Melanesia and other

island groups from cannibals to civilized beings.

They have been the main agent in the extraordinary awakening of the people of China, by which, turning their backs on the history of 4,000 years, they have adopted Western ideas in government, education, and commerce, and are showing an amazing readiness to receive the Gospel of Christ.

They have started a movement in Korea which is going forward with such unparalleled rapidity that the nation bids fair to become Christianized within a generation.

A Challenge to the Church.

The victories of the past and the opportunities of the present, constitute a sublime challenge to the church for the conquest of the remaining strongholds of Islam and paganism. Such considerations as these should convince the people of our churches that we are indeed living in a new era of missionary work, and that the hour has struck for the non-Christian world.

—The Missionary Review.

Note:—Surely no one can read the above facts without exclaiming, "*Be ye thankful*" for missions. These facts should be given in every Women's and Young Women's Society. Why not copy them off on cards or slips of paper and use in response to Roll Call? Then emphasize the fact that every dollar given as Thank-Offering through the treasury of the Women's Board goes to the support of missions under its care in the home and foreign fields.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP FEES.

Mrs. Martha Taylor, Butler, Pa. In memory of her husband.

Mrs. Rachel McKnight, Slippery Rock, Pa. By her niece, Miss Lillie McKnight.

Mrs. Margaret McCoy, Kirkwood, Ill. By the W. M. S., Kirkwood, Ill.

YOUNG WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT

Edited by the Young Women's General Secretary,

Miss Ida B. Little, 132 Allison Ave., Washington, Pa.

NEW MOTTO: "FORWARD INTO LIGHT."

NEW AIM: "HAVE YOU HAD A JOY? PASS IT ON!"

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL WORKERS:

Miss Roma Beatty, Sialkot City, India

Miss Eleanor W. Maconachie, Pathankot

Dr. Anna Boggs Watson, Tanta, Egypt

Miss E. Margaret Rogers, Frenchburg, Ky.

Miss Christianita Totten, Henderson, N. C.

THE SAND-PAPER PROCESS.

You are no doubt more or less familiar with sand-paper and its many uses. It may be used for polishing to glass-like smoothness the new hard wood finishings or floor that the wax or the varnish may be applied. Or, perhaps the roughened varnish on some rare piece of old furniture needs to be removed. Sand-paper will produce a velvety surface. If used on zinc or other metal that has become corroded through abuse or disuse or simply by the ravages of time, cleansing can be effected. Sometimes sand-paper becomes in a measure a means of adornment. Who is not acquainted with the "overalls man" and his sand-paper patches used as match scratchers. The chief purpose of the material, however, is to smooth rough places and to fit for a more efficient service the article in hand.

The process itself is not pleasant, few enjoying the rasping sounds caused by the friction, but the finished product bespeaks full satisfaction.

The thought has come that perhaps some of the members of the Young Women's organizations or the societies themselves might be benefitted by a little burnishing. Some habits, small in themselves, but annoying, need removing. Ruts have been fallen into or a self-satisfied or indifferent air has settled on all. There is no desire for a change of order. A certain style of

program has prevailed. The same persons practically have been occupying the different offices and few new ones appear on the program. Miss Z. has not been asked to prepare a paper or talk. She has never done so. She might refuse if asked. Of course Miss A. and Miss C. make beautiful prayers. The others might stay at home if asked to lead even in sentence prayers—they are so afraid of their own voice. It has been the custom to answer roll call by a weak little "present." If Scripture verses were expected or missionary or temperance items, some might forget to prepare the part and embarrassment would result. Better abide by the old methods and save trouble is the conclusion.

Then, in every community, there are those who are not interested in anything missionary. It has been taken for granted long ago that such young women never can be interested enough to join the organization so what is the use of causing annoyance by further invitation!

Do you not honestly think that, figuratively speaking, sand-paper, coarse and fine, might be applied with advantage to member and non-member alike? The dust might fly some, a little irritation might be apparent, but "all's well that ends well." When the rubbish was cleared away, there would be some encouragement to adopt improvements.

The coarse sand-paper might be called

"look-in" — introspection — possibly a little painful as habits, faulty ruts, inconsistencies showed up. The fine sandpaper we will name "look-out," or the viewing of the good points others have with a view to adoption. This is also a little humiliating when one realizes what might have been long enjoyed and was not. The third process, we will call "look-up," the finishing wax or fine varnish which means approval from our Master Builder and organizer, giving us the assurance that our work is well pleasing, in harmony with Him.

Then "Give the world the best you have so the best may come back to you."

—I. B. L.

INTERESTING THE UNINTERESTED.

How may we interest people in a subject for which they feel no enthusiasm, and about which they have no desire to learn more than they already know? This is, perhaps, more of a problem in religious work than elsewhere, and no doubt perplexes everyone interested in missionary work. How can we secure a larger attendance, and have a better and more wide-awake missionary society of interested young women?

Oftentimes, possibly, the fault lies partly with the members themselves, who are not sufficiently interested, do not spend much time in preparation and prayer and do not try to get strangers to come to the meetings.

Someone has said, "You cannot make others good unless you are good yourself." It is equally true that you cannot interest others unless you are yourself interested. In order to increase interest among the members, the president or someone else might assign the name of some missionary to each one, and, at the monthly meeting, call for a report of anything learned about those assigned. Each member might write to the missionary whose name had been given her, and thus get a direct account of what was being done. In this way the names of the missionaries become familiar, and there is a personal interest felt in the missionary represented. If a number of young ladies in the society

should ask some stranger to come, each month, and then make an extra effort to have a good program, each person studying her topic and taking her part well, the meeting itself may be attraction enough to cause the visitor to return and later become a member.

Wherever it is possible, visits from the missionaries themselves, and talks given by them afford a fine opportunity for learning of the work, besides making the life of the missionary and of those amongst whom she labors seem more real. A pageant representing the different classes of people will often catch the attention where nothing else will. Also, stereoptican pictures, showing the horrors of some of the heathen practices will arouse a desire to learn more about these conditions, what is being done to improve them, and a wish to help in their improvement.

Some people who do not care to attend the usual missionary meeting are glad to come when there is work to be done, such as making a quilt or other articles for a box. At Christmas time, also, many enjoy dressing dolls to be sent to some mission station, and a feeling of interest is often created for the place to which the box is sent.

It is a general rule that in order to become much interested in anything, one must do something himself to help that project in some way. In accordance with this idea it might be wise to distribute Thank-Offering boxes to young people who have not shown themselves interested in missionary work. They will perhaps respond to the idea of putting in a contribution when they are especially grateful for something, or of dropping in "pennies" when they have them. Then, while giving in this way, they will become interested in the cause for which the money is to be used.

Therefore, if possible, have those uninterested do something for the cause, and they will gain an interest, for they will feel that they have a share in the work, and will, for that reason, be interested in studying more of the work and workers.

—KEREN N. CRAIG.
Garnett, Kans.

OPTIMISM—A REAL FORCE.

The enemy that fights in the open is not hated or feared as much as the traitor within the lines. For the foe on the battlefield is oftentimes defeated before the homeland is pillaged, but a traitor may work unharmed until the city falls. Pessimism may well be called the traitor in the camp, which hinders success not only in business enterprises, but also in the work of the church. The business man who broods over discouragements will soon fall a prey to pessimism.

All religious persons are not optimists but all Christians should be. There is nothing in the religion of the Bhuddist or the Hindu to inspire optimism. Optimism is a positive force not a negative one. Sometimes we confuse optimism with bravado or frivolity. There are those who shrink from all the serious problems of life, only choosing pleasures and easy tasks, but a true Christian optimist can face the trials and discouragements of life, yet not grow faint hearted, knowing that, "He is able."

As the Christian religion is the optimistic faith of the world, we may naturally expect its followers to be those not easily cast down, and its work moving forward free from fear of failure.

Young men are often advised not to enter the ministry because the work is difficult and their labors are not appreciated. Oftentimes it is almost impossible to find anyone who is willing to accept the office of President of the Y. W. M. S. or Superintendent of the Sabbath School, yet similar positions are much sought after in clubs and associations outside of the Church.

Hopeful, enthusiastic words are few and many of our societies live in the shadow, working faithfully but anxiously afraid to take up new work as success

seems uncertain. Sometimes our work is hindered because the sins of our fellow members appear great in our sight. But you ask, is this an optimistic view? We can make it one if we face the situation and seek the remedy.

Christian optimism is faith in a living God. Doubts and the spirit of enmity can not flourish in an atmosphere of faith. The mother is usually the one who keeps the home on a cheerful level and drives the germs of pessimism from the dark corners. So the young women, particularly, of the church can and must raise the church to an optimistic plane. If the Young Women's Missionary Societies are flourishing, the Sabbath School and Young People's Society are more likely to grow. Our societies are composed of individuals and the outlook cannot be bright if the members are dwelling in the darkness of pessimism.

Paul stands before us as one of the greatest Christian optimists of all ages. He was "troubled on every side, yet not distressed, perplexed, but not in despair," because he was able to say, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." If we could say this, there would be no danger of failure in our society work or the work of the Church. And such power is not limited to a few leaders, it is within the reach of every Christian. Then let us be "crucified with Christ," so that we may be able to live, "by the faith of the Son of God," and then we can each say, "For me to live is Christ."

The victorious or faith life can produce true optimism, which is more than a mere work or condition. It creates optimism—a vital force, and a living power.

RUTH BLOOMFIELD,
Albia, Iowa.

FIELD SECRETARY NOTES.

By Mrs. J. C. Alter, Field Secretary, 48 Berkeley Way, Santa Cruz, Cal.

STANDARD OF EFFICIENCY MADE PLAIN.

(Continued from September Number).

A Definite Share in Home or Foreign Missionary's Salary.

Sometime ago I attended a Presbyterian in one of the rural sections of our great west, where they are far from the beaten path of itinerent missionaries and the congregations are widely separated.

Failure of crops and consequent shortage of funds had not quenched the missionary spirit of that little band of women whose presence there bespoke some foresight, planning and self-denial. During the day the matter of special work was presented, and it was made very clear that any special pledge must be in addition to the regular contributions to congregation and missionary society, it would mean an advance beyond anything they had yet attempted. I knew their loyalty and devotion to our women's work had been demonstrated. Would their faith be equal to a forward movement when the barren fields around them were sounding retrenchment? It was in a little conference at this time that the real significance of "Article IV" came to me. One dear woman spoke out of the fulness of her heart, "We could not give much money, of course, but might it not be possible for us to pledge a worker's salary for one month?" Others formed the idea. To have a missionary all their own, even for a limited time, would bring them closer to one station at least; they would write to her and pray her through. Then some one suggested a plan by which each society could share in the benefits of this investment. The Foreign Secretary was appealed to and promptly responded giving name and station, and designating the month in which they would be responsible for the support of a certain missionary in the foreign field. Looking over the financial report of the past year, I find that this

little Presbyterian has not only met its special pledge, but has materially increased its contributions to the Foreign General Fund and to other departments as well, in advance of previous year, and I know they have been spiritually enriched far above the monetary outlay.

This incident suggests some helpful thoughts relative to supporting missionaries in a special way, which I am appending in the hope that it will make clearer this point in the Standard of Efficiency, and our own individual privileges too.

1. Why should I personally be interested in the support of a missionary in Home or Foreign Field?

(a). Because, since I cannot perhaps go myself, I am obeying my Lord's great commission by helping to send some one in my place.

(b). It gives me the assurance that I am helping to answer my own prayers for the advancement of the kingdom. I am loosening out God's power in the life of the one that is substituting for me.

(c). It makes me "a co-worker with God" in a definite way.

(d). It reveals His plan and purpose for the salvation of precious souls through human agencies.

(e). It gives me an interest in a particular field which I might not otherwise have, and if personal sacrifice is a condition of my giving in this special way, it increases the joy of giving to know that I am giving up for the One Who gave up for me.

2. Why pledge a definite sum? (It is so much easier for some to say, "I'll give if I can when the time comes.")

(a). Because our Board can plan for the coming year only on a business basis. Only your pledge in black and white can enter into their estimate for the work ahead, in addition to the regular contributions.

3. Are the "regular contributions" not enough to carry on the work of the W. G. M. S.?

(a). Not if we are to "lengthen the

cords and strengthen the stakes" in the fields assigned us. Not in the face of urgent need for more workers and better equipment. The picture of the unfinished hospital at Tanta, standing tenantless for more than a year for lack of funds, presents a mute appeal stronger than words can picture it, and if all of our missionaries' salaries were pledged

in this special way, our regular contributions to the Foreign General Fund would go far toward completing this sadly needed building. Urgent needs in the Home Field, too, demand our careful attention and help if we would be true to the trust our Lord has conferred upon us. Do you see the importance of "Article IV?"

LITERATURE DEPARTMENT.

In charge of Miss E. Elizabeth Milligan, Literature Secretary, 904 Publication Building, 209 Anderson Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

If your society is endeavoring to qualify in the Standard of Efficiency you are of course starting with the first point—"A ten per cent. increase in membership over statistical report of previous year."

Why should not the Literature Department assist you in this canvass for new members?

Provide your Membership Committee with enough copies of the following leaflets to leave one with each woman approached for membership in the society: "Departments of Work," "Mrs. Brownlee Joins the Missionary Society," "Eleven Reasons for Attending the Missionary Society," and "I Can."

Those who lead the devotional part of the program for the coming months should be provided with the following leaflets:

	Each	Doz.
*Bible Words on Praise	.01	.06
*Bible Words on Prayer	.02	.15
*Bible Reading on Egypt	.02	.20
*Child Teaching Endorsed by Scripture	.02	.15
*Encouragements to Work	.01	.10
*Excuses for Not Being Active in Missions Met by Scripture	.01	.10
I Shall Not Want	.01	.10
*Praise and Revival—Responsive Service	.01	.05
*Sudan—Bible Reading	.02	.20
*Prayer Cycle	.10	1.00

The following is our list of leaflets on Egypt and the Sudan. From it select helps for the November program:

	Each	Doz.
*Ancient Egypt	\$0.02	\$0.20
*Educational Work	.02	.20
*Medical Missionary Work in Delta	.03	.30
*Our Sisters in Egypt	.03	.30
*Questions and Answers	.03	.30
Religions of Egypt	.03	.30
*What the Gospel Has Done for Egypt	.02	.20
How Orthodox Mohammedans Educate a Child	.02	.20
*The "Zar"	.02	.20
*The Sorrow of Egypt	.03	.30
*The Countless Egyptian Villages	.02	.20
*In and Around Cairo With the Bible Woman	.02	.20
*Thoughts and Steps	.02	.20
*The Sudan—Its Needs	.03	.30
Sudan Blue Book	.03	.30

Narrative

*An Egyptian Princess	.05	.50
*Little Girl Life in Egypt	.02	.15

In addition to the above leaflets, every woman should read the last annual report of the work in Egypt entitled, "Our Moslem Sister." This is 13 cents, postpaid.

The Nile Mission Press leaflets which were noted in the September Magazine are most interesting. They are "The Threshold and the Corner," "The Debt of Ali Ben Omar," "The Burden Bearer," and "The Live Charcoal in the Fire Pot." These have been reprinted here for our department by permission of the Nile Mission Press and are 2 cents each or 20 cents per dozen.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

By Mrs. I. H. Milliken. Junior Secretary, 205 Lexington Ave., Aspinwall, Pa.

MOTTO: MARK 11:24.

AIM: EVERY PRESBYTERIAL REPORTING. TOTAL MEMBERSHIP 25,000.

The conviction has been strong upon the mind of your General Secretary, for some time, that we can do better work with our Juniors if we have a study outline; going from step to step and promoting from class to class at a definite time each year.

The following outline is a suggestion of what is meant, but is not given as a final guide until it is tested by further experience; therefore, criticism is asked for, based on actual use, also suggestions for improvement so that we may perfect it before re-printing in more convenient form.

First Class—Ages 6, 7 and 8.

Bible verses—Matt. 19:14; John 3:16; John 14:1-4.

The Lord's Prayer; Beatitudes.

Bible Stories of Moses; Samuel; Daniel; Birth of Christ; Crucifixion.

Missionary Stories.

Second Class—Ages 9 and 10.

Psalms 1; 19; 23; 91.

13th Chapter of 1st Corinthians.

Ten Commandments.

Missionary Stories and Facts.

Third Class—Ages 11 and 12.

Books of the Bible.

Names of the Twelve Apostles.

Bible Rules for Giving—page 11 in Wall Roll.

Our Church—page 29 in Junior Manual.

Missionary Facts.

Fourth Class—Ages 13 and 14.

Our Mission Fields, Schools, Hospitals.

Our Missionaries. How supported?

Boards of Our Church.

Mission Study Class.

A pretty diploma is furnished by our Literature Department and on the evening appointed a program could be arranged, all friends invited and the graduating class presented with their diplomas, and the lower classes promoted. The new members for the first class would naturally be the Little Light Bearers promoted into the Junior Society, for which also, an attractive promotion certificate is supplied.

The text-books for the above outline are of easy access and inexpensive; the Bible; the Wall Chart or Roll which is \$1.00; the Junior Manual, 25c.; Mission Studies for Juniors, 15c.; Missionary Lessons for the youngest Juniors, 20c.; and the many study books on Missions published each year.

The new books this year are: Foreign—Round the World with Jack and Janet; Home—All Along the Trail; 25c. each, postage extra.

To obtain the best results from any work with children, one should not have too large a class and the Junior Superintendent should do her best to secure teachers who will attract the children and who can hold their interest. It means work to succeed in any line, but here the worker is more than repaid, in the joy of having a successful, enthusiastic Junior Society.

OUR INDIAN DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. Ada K. Wilson, Secretary, 1112 South Ave., Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Mr. Chas. H. McClung, who so kindly went to Tama during his vacation period, and held our mission services, has returned to the Seminary to finish his studies. He is much impressed with the needs of the Indian, and if he were through with his Theological course, would consider the work permanently. He says, "There is a blessing awaiting the work at Tama, but there is need of a man of common-sense Christianity. Many of these people have thought favorably of Christianity and of accepting it as their belief, but a stranger is a stranger, and it is necessary for them to like a person before he can make any progress with them." A man can do very little with the women—in fact nothing. These women, as is the case in Oriental countries, can only be reached by a woman.

We hope, in the very near future, to have this vacancy filled permanently, and our Tama mission under the care of a consecrated man and his wife.

It is almost a year since Rev. Mr. Jackson and his wife commenced work at Warm Springs, according to advice, a very short and busy year.

During the vacation period at the Government School, from which most of our Sabbath School scholars are secured, the church building has been redecorated, and now is much improved in its inside appearance. We can scarcely appreciate the difficulties encountered in making repairs, when the required materials are two hundred miles away, and goods are damaged in transit, and a long pause made necessary until the railroad makes good the claim. In spite of all these things, however, the repairs are made and the missionary feels repaid for all the discomfort.

Many of the Indians leave home at this time of year (September) to gather huckleberries; sometimes leaving the old and helpless behind. One old woman of 90 years, almost blind and so afflicted that she must crawl on her hands and knees, was left behind this year and the

missionary had to spend considerable time making her comfortable; keeping her in food and fuel and carrying water from the creek for her. She is a member of our church and that she always asks a blessing when her food is placed before her, proves that she has grasped the Christian idea of gratitude to God for all blessings.

That many societies are much interested in the Indian work is shown by the number of letters received asking for more information about our people, but we will not be satisfied until every society has a part, however small, in our uplift work for the Indian.

In looking over the Statistical Report for the year, I noticed that a large number of societies did not contribute a penny toward the Indian Department. To be interested in a work means that we will both pray for and contribute to it; and I hope next year's report will record a greater zeal in our Indian missions.

At Simnasho as at Warm Springs there is a decreased attendance because the people are away after berries. After threshing is ended there will be a general exodus to hop fields, potato fields, etc. Many homes are locked up and the missionary often takes his long drive, only to find the cabin empty.

Mr. Matthews writes, "We have been helping a woman to take care of her sore eyes, using the medicine the Government doctor furnished. When we first saw her she was very bad, but now her eyes are almost well. She is very grateful for the care, and the other day put her arms about Mrs. Matthews and kissed her. This was a great surprise to us as this sort of demonstration is most unusual."

The weather has been very hot and dry and the long drives the missionaries have to take to reach the people are most tiring.

Pray for your Indian missionaries, and your prayers will awaken your interest.

MONTHLY REPORT OF WOMEN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

September 7, 1915. The regular meeting of the Board convened at regular time and place. Mrs. Yourd conducted devotional exercises. Miss Milligan and Mrs. Campbell led in prayer.

Secretary read an invitation from Xenia Presbyterial for the Annual Convention of the W. G. M. S. to meet in Xenia, Ohio, May, 1916.

By a unanimous vote of the Board the invitation was accepted with thanks.

The legal papers granting the power of attorney to Mr. Wm. McElwee, Jr., to satisfy a mortgage against H. J. Rose of New Wilmington, Pa., and the release of mortgage on Rev. Theodore Scott's property in New Wilmington were signed by the President and Secretary.

Treasurer reported receipts for July, \$12012.22; disbursements, \$21222.33; receipts for August, \$6005.61; disbursements, \$12677.00. Reported a check for \$500 from will of Miss Sadie McNeil for Foreign work.

Financial Secretary reported balance in Isaiah 41:6 Fund. Receipts, \$1049.85; disbursements, \$624.51; balance, \$677.04.

Rooms Committee reported three applications for position in office and Miss Wilson was unanimously elected.

Reports received from Thank-Offering Secretary, Temperance, Junior, Statistical, Parsonage, Foreign, Home, Literature, Indian and Freedmen Secretaries.

Parsonage Secretary reported the loan to Chariton, Iowa, had been paid.

Foreign Secretary reported that five members of the Board attended the New Wilmington Conference and were in session with the Foreign Board and missionaries who were in attendance at the Conference.

Dr. Anderson in a letter states it will not be possible to arrange the sailing of India missionaries on October 2nd.

Reported that a new Code Book has been issued.

The resignation of Miss Anna Hamilton was accepted to take effect October 1st, 1915, who stated she was following

the example of the Foreign Secretary, changing her name to Campbell.

Letters were received from Miss Emma Dean Anderson, Miss Mable Stewart and Mrs. Dowe.

The Egyptian party are to sail Sept. 15th on the "Athinai." Rev. J. G. Hunt, Rev. and Mrs. W. Brainard Jamison, Rev. and Mrs. F. D. Henderson, Mary D. and Ralph Henderson, Miss Edna Giffen, Miss Ruth Eddy, Miss Helen J. Martin, Dr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Wilkerson and Treva, Mrs. Anna M. Burns.

The resignation of Dr. Anna M. Jack was accepted.

Home Secretary received reports from all stations. The request of Dr. Weidler that the school term be increased to ten months was granted.

Mr. R. G. Smith was elected missionary to Tama.

Freedmen's Secretary received reports from Prairie, Ala.; Canton Bend; Miller's Ferry; Camden; Chase City; Henderson; Knoxville and Norfolk.

Mrs. Elliott writes: "The furniture for dormitory at Prairie has been received and the furnace installed."

Rev. Cotton, Canton Bend, reports there is a change in Domestic Science teacher, Miss Ethyl Miller in place of Miss Sykes.

Sterling Hall at Miller's Ferry is being painted.

Mr. Wilson, Camden, writes that the frame work of the new building is up and first payment, \$600, due.

Henderson Hospital reports receipts, \$91; disbursements, \$79.48; balance, \$11.52.

Miss Totten is ill in Hospital.

In view of the fact that the station is to be continued at Norfolk, Mrs. Chandler was sent back to continue her work there.

On motion the meeting adjourned at 5:45.

MRS. JOHN S. CRAWFORD,
Recording Secretary.

STUDY FOR THE MONTH.

NOVEMBER.

EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIAN
SUDAN.

Our Missions in the Nile Valley.

Bible Reading—Isa. 32; 18:1-7. Luke 17:33.

Roll Call—A Sentence Prayer for the Egypt and Sudan Missionaries. Call them by name.

Topics for Study.

EGYPT.

1. The Volunteer Band of the Pressley Memorial Institute. (Girls' Boarding School, Assiut).
2. The Influence of the Amulet in the Life of the Egyptian Moslem Woman.
3. Sketches of Egyptian Life.
4. The 50th Anniversary of the Theological Seminary in Cairo.
5. Some Incidents in the Life at Tanta Hospital.
6. On the Trail of the Delta Evangelistic Car.
7. Saint Worship Among the Moslems in Egypt.
8. The Church Papers in Egypt.
9. The Call of the Moslem Child in Egypt.
10. The Girls' Day and Boarding School at Tanta.
11. For Such a Time as This.

EGYPTIAN SUDAN.

1. The attitude of the Government towards Moslems, Pagans, and Missions.
2. Just what is being done for Christ in the Northern Sudan by our own and other missions.
3. Five Years in the Girls' Boarding School, Khartum North.
4. Manner of life, customs, and occupation of the Shulluks, Dinkas, Annaks, and Nuers.
5. Wife and Motherhood—Mohammedan, Pagan, and Native Christian.
6. The Shulluk People. Their language and Folklore.

HOME MISSIONARIES

SUPPORTED BY W. G. M. S.

AMERICAN INDIANS.

Warm Springs, Oregon Rev. H. T. Jackson.
 Simnasho, Oregon Rev. W. A. Matthews.
 Tama, Iowa

All contributions for Warm Springs should be addressed to Rev. H. T. Jackson, Indian Mission, and shipped to Mecca, Oregon, the nearest station. Those for Simnasho, Oregon, should be sent to Rev. W. A. Matthews, Indian Mission, and shipped to Maupin, Oregon. Things for Tama, should be addressed to Tama, Iowa.

CITY MISSIONARIES.

Rev. Michael Renzetti, (Italian), Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, (Croatian), N. S., Pittsburg, Pa.
 Miss Mary A. Workman, Akron, Ohio.
 Mrs. Mae Daugherty, Pittsburg, Kans.
 Miss Edith Warnock, San Antonio, Texas.
 Mrs. F. C. Metcalf, (Mutes), Portland, Ore.
 Mrs. A. W. Coates, Washington, D. C.
 Miss Clenore Ribet, (Italian), Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Miss Anna DeSantis, (Italian), McKeesport, Pa.
 Miss Irma G. Allen, Culver City, Cal.

MOUNTAINEER.

Rev. Albert Greer Weldler, Ph.D., Frenchburg, Ky.
 Mrs. Albert Greer Weldler, Frenchburg, Ky.
 Miss Bertha Houston, Frenchburg, Ky.
 Miss E. Margaret Rodgers, Frenchburg, Ky.
 Miss Clara Ferguson, Frenchburg, Ky.
 Miss Mary Mead, Frenchburg, Ky.

FREEDMEN'S MISSIONS.

DIRECTORY FOR SENDING CLOTHING.

*Athens, Tenn.—Rev. C. H. Wilson.
 *Bristol, Tenn.—Rev. F. W. Woodfin.
 Cleveland, Tenn.—Rev. J. L. Cary.
 Riceville, Tenn.—Prof. W. P. Ware.
 *Knoxville, Tenn.—Rev. R. W. McGranahan, D. D.
 Camden, Ala.—Rev. W. G. Wilson, Camden, Ala.
 Canton Bend, Ala.—Rev. J. N. Cotton, Camden, Wilcox County, Ala., R. F. D. No. 1.
 Miller's Ferry, Ala.—Rev. C. H. Johnson, Camden, Ala. Mark "For Miller's Ferry."
 Prairie, Ala.—Prof. Thos. M. Elliott, Post-office address, Prairie, Ala.; shipping point, Catherine, Ala.
 *Arlington, Ala.—Rev. John T. Arter, Post-office address, Annie Manie; shipping point, Arlington, Ala.
 *Chase City, Va.—Rev. F. W. Wilson.
 Bluestone, Va.—Prof. R. P. Williams, Post-office address, Jeffress, Va., R. F. D. 1; shipping point, Chase City, Va.
 Norfolk, Va.—Rev. Wm. McKirahan.
 Henderson, Vance County, N. C.—Rev. John A. Cotton.
 Townsville, N. C.—Prof. W. E. Williams

This directory is correct, up-to-date, and will carry clothing safely, if correctly followed. Please remember to prepay freight and then write to the principal of the mission at the time of sending and enclose receipted bill of lading.

*Donations of clothing not needed. New material and Christmas boxes may be sent to any of the stations. Always put name of society and place inside of box or barrel so that it may be identified and acknowledged.

PRESENT ADDRESS OF MISSIONARIES SUPPORTED BY THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

INDIA.

Miss Roma Beatty, Appointed 1909 Sialkot City
Miss Minnie E. Beatty, Appointed 1912 Sialkot City
Miss Lois Buchanan, Appointed 1910 Gujranwala
Miss Mary J. Campbell, Appointed 1884 Pathankot
Miss A. Laura Cleland, Appointed 1903 Sargodha
Miss Henrietta Cowden Sialkot
Miss Margaret Fehlman, Appointed 1913 ...Gurdaspur
Miss Bessie Fleming, Appointed 1913 Sangla Hill
Miss E. M. Gordon, Appointed 1893 Jhelum
Miss A. M. Hamilton, Appointed 1902 Rawalpindi
Miss L. B. Hamilton, Appointed 1908 Zafarwal
Miss Nancy Hadley, Appointed 1904 Zafarwal
Miss Winifred Heston, M. D., Appointed 1910 .Sargodha
Miss Jeanette Hopkins, Appointed 1912 Khangah Dogran
Miss Flora Jameson, Appointed 1903 Sangla Hill
Miss Mary Kyle, Appointed 1904 Pasur
Miss Olive Laing, Appointed 1912 Gurdaspur
Miss Mary A. Lawrance, Appointed 1893 ...Rawalpindi
Miss M. E. Lawrance, Appointed 1909 Pasur

Miss Mary E. Logan, Appointed 1891 Jhelum
Miss Elizabeth McCahon, Appointed 1875 ..Sialkot City
Miss E. W. Maconachie, Appointed 1909 Pathankot
Miss L. A. McConnell, Appointed 1902 Lyalpur
Miss R. A. McCullough, Appointed 1879 ...Gujranwala
Miss Mary R. Martin, Appointed 1890 Sialkot City
Miss Fanny C. Martin, Appointed 1895 Rawalpindi
Miss Henrietta Moore, Appointed 1898 Sialkot City
Miss Jean Morrison, Appointed 1895 Lyalpur
Miss J. P. Simpson, M. D., Appointed 1902 Jhelum
Miss Nannie J. Spencer, Appointed 1894 Lyalpur
Miss Ruth Warnock, Appointed 1913 Sialkot City
Miss Marie White, M. D., Appointed 1886 ..Sialkot City
Miss Dora Whitely, Appointed 1911 Zafarwal
Miss Cynthia E. Wilson, Appointed 1875 Madhopur
Miss Rosa T. Wilson, Appointed 1886 Madhopur
Miss Ethel Wilson, Appointed 1913 Sialkot City

HOME ON FURLOUGH FROM INDIA.

Miss Emma Dean Anderson, Appointed 1881, Point
Marion, Pa.
Miss Hazel Bennett, Appointed 1909, New Wilmington,
Pa.
Miss Laurella Dickson, Appointed 1897, Tarkio, Mo.
Miss Lena Brotherston, Appointed 1906, Gilbertsville,
Mass.

Mrs Alice McClure, Appointed 1897, New Wilmington,
Pa.
Miss J. E. Martin, Appointed 1906 Pittsburg, Kans.
Miss Josephine White, Appointed 1884, New Castle, Pa.
Miss E. Josephine Martin, Appointed 1896, Adams-
ville, Pa.
Miss Kate A. Hill, Appointed 1896 Newton, Iowa
Miss Margaret M. Wilson, 6225 Stewart Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

EGYPT.

Miss A. B. Atchison, Appointed 1904 Cairo
Miss Mary E. Baird, Appointed 1913 Tanta
Miss E. M. Barnes, Appointed 1911 Cairo
Miss Carrie Buchanan, Appointed 1893 Cairo
Miss Leota Cabeen, Appointed 1909 Alexandria
Miss Anna B. Criswell, Appointed 1905 Assiut
Miss Ella Downie, Appointed 1913 Benha
Miss Ruth Margaret Eddy, Appointed 1914 Cairo
Miss Helen J. Ferrier, Appointed 1900 Luxor
Miss Minnehaha Finney, Appointed 1894 Tanta
Miss Elsie French, Appointed 1909 Zagazig
Miss Davida M. Finney, Appointed 1914 Cairo
Miss Rena Hogg, Appointed 1896 Assiut
Miss Alfaretta Hammond, Appointed 1904 ...Beni Suef
Miss May Holland, Appointed 1913 Tanta
Miss Isabel Hosack, Appointed 1912 Tanta Hospital

Miss Roxie Martin, Appointed 1901 Cairo
Miss Olive T. Mason, Appointed 1912 Alexandria
Miss Anna McConaughy, Appointed 1903 Cairo
Miss Eula McClenahan, Appointed 1908 Alexandria
Miss Carol McMillan, Appointed 1906 Tanta
Miss Marion Paden, Appointed 1902 Beni Suef
Miss Mary M. Pattison, Appointed 1912 Cairo
Miss Nellie C. Smith, Appointed 1911 Alexandria
Miss Margaret Smith, Appointed 1872 Cairo
Miss A. Y. Thompson, Appointed 1871 Cairo
Miss Sadie Thompson, Appointed 1913 Tanta
Miss Ruth A. Work, Appointed 1904 Assiut
Miss Laura Walker, Appointed 1904 Alexandria

HOME ON FURLOUGH FROM EGYPT.

Dr. Anna Watson, New Athens, Ohio.
Miss Lois McCracken, Appointed 1912, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Margaret Bell, Appointed 1901 Tarkio, Mo.

Miss Mabel B. Dickey, Appointed 1912, Crafton, Pa.
Miss Roe O. Williams Van Nuys, Cal.
Miss Ida B. Whiteside South Cambridge, N. Y.

SUDAN.

Miss Fannie G. Bradford, Appointed 1907, Khartum
North.
Miss Elsie E. Grove, Appointed 1912 ...Khartum North.

Miss Sarah Isabella Dight, Appointed 1914
Miss Sarah Isabella Dight, Appointed 1914, Khartum
North.

HOME ON FURLOUGH:

Miss Aulora McIntyre, Appointed 1911, Lenox, Iowa

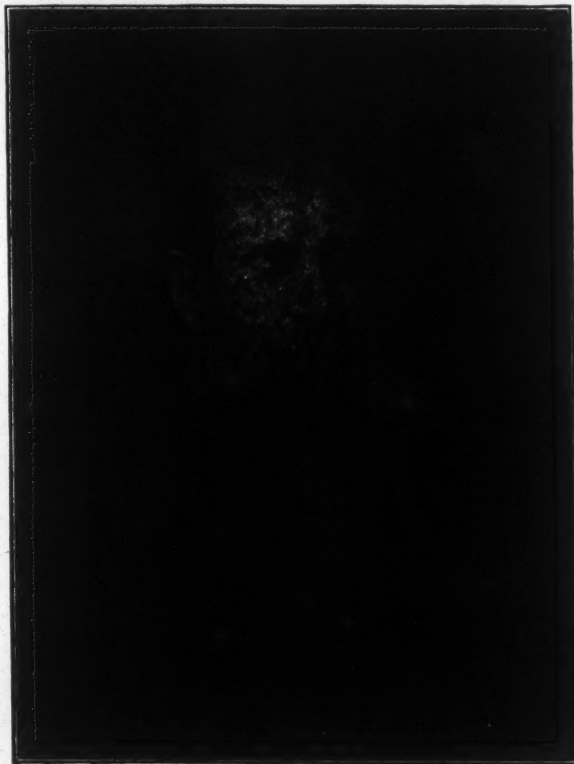
Address All Letters Care American Mission.



MRS. ANDREW GORDON



ELIZABETH G. GORDON



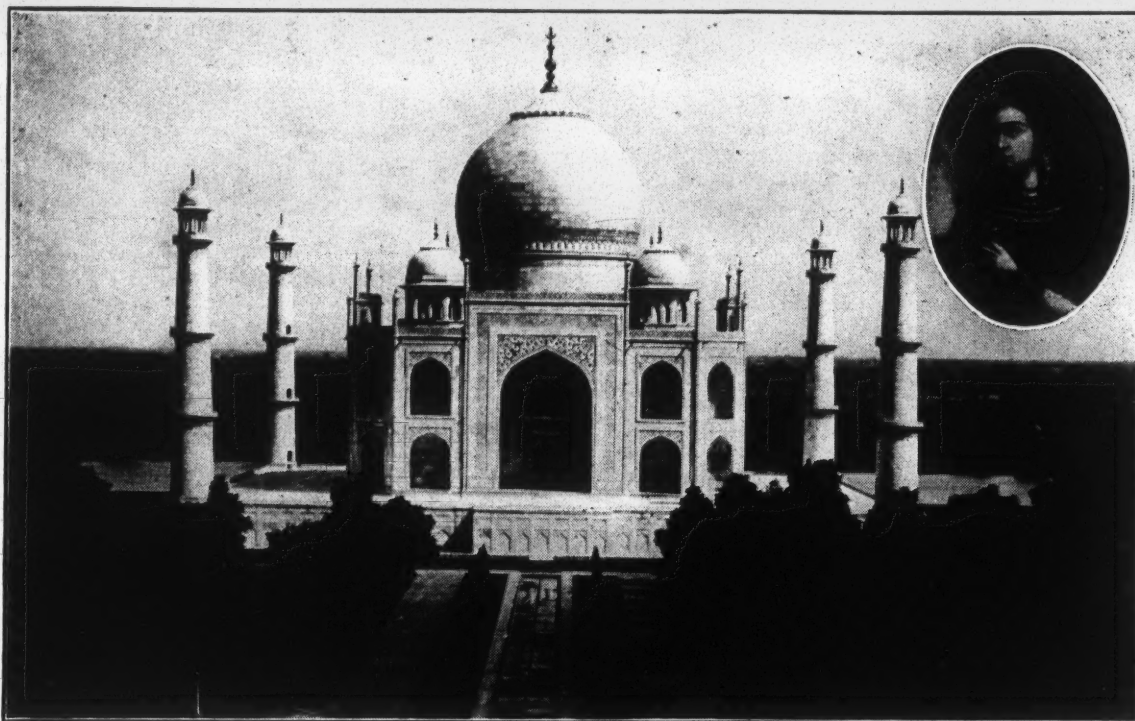
REV. ANDREW GORDON, D. D.

At 12 o'clock, in New York harbor, September 28, 1854, on the little ship, "Sabine," there was an exodus for India. The faith required was like that of Abraham when he went out from Ur of the Chaldees. Rev. Andrew Gordon, Mrs. Gordon, their little one, and Miss Elizabeth G. Gordon were leaving behind parents and grandparents and starting for India.

In contracted quarters they sailed away by South America. They passed amid the icebergs. They rounded the Cape of Good Hope. They sailed for 139 days over 17,000 miles of ocean. At length they land; it is February, 1855.

For 1400 miles Dr. Gordon made his way northward. He had chosen Sialkot, in the northern province of the Punjab, which only five years before had been annexed to the British possessions. So, this herald of the Cross, single handed and alone, crosses into the province of the five rivers. The Punjab is entered in Christ's name and in the name of the United Presbyterian Church. Twenty-two hundred years before, the Punjab resounded to the conquering tread of the armies of Alexander the Great. Now, Gordon, almost without scrip, enters the Punjab. Which is conqueror?

—Extract from address "Fifty Years of Mission Work in India" by Rev. J. K. McClurken, D. D.



"A POEM IN MARBLE."

The Taj-Mahal at Agra. "The Pride of India." Also the Lady of the Taj.

Who was at her
death in 1910
President of Isa-
bella Thoburn Col-
lege at Lucknow.
She was successor
to Isabella Tho-
burn. It was of
her that President
Harrison said at



the Ecumenical
Conference in 1900,
"If I had given
one million dol-
lars to evangelize
India and this
wonderful woman
was the only con-
vert, I would feel
that my money was
well expended."

MISS LILAVATI SINGH.

TIME AND IMMORTALITY IN CONTRAST.